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Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 1, 1962 / 25¢

THE UNFINISHED STORY OF THALIDOMIDE

By John Lear

AMERICAN MYTHS, OLD AND NEW

By Malcolm Cowley

REPORT FROM ACCRA

By James J. Wadsworth

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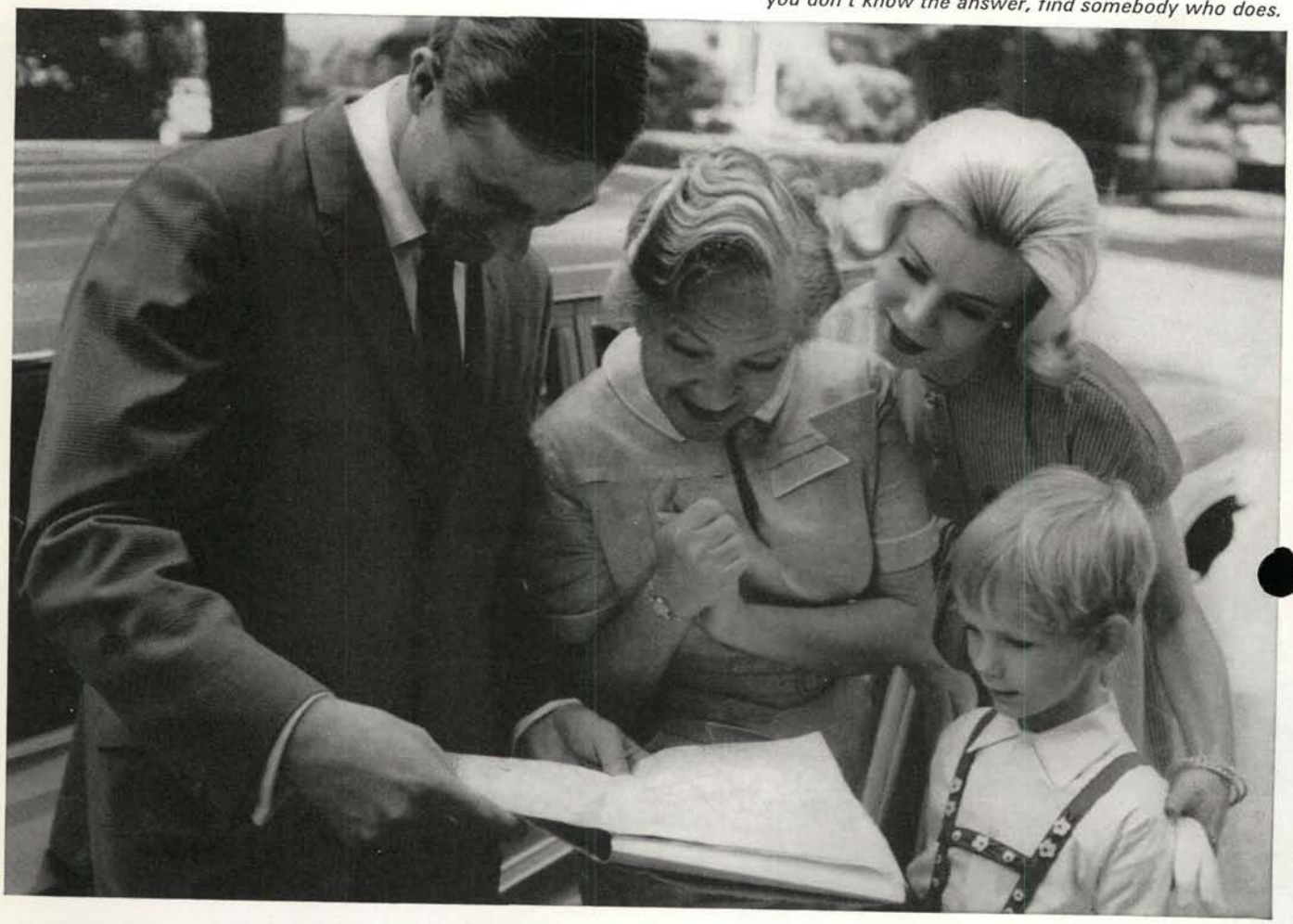
Helen Hayes has some hints on helping overseas visitors feel at home

Help with directions
I've stayed in practically every city in America, yet I often have to ask directions. So imagine the difficulty our guests will have as they travel here. Be as helpful as you can. If you don't know the answer, find somebody who does.



Local customs
Visitors passing through your town need to know things about our stores—how and when we shop. Tell them, too, about traffic and parking regulations, opening and closing hours at museums and nearby recreation areas.

Transportation
It's surprising how visitors appreciate your words of advice—on where to get a taxicab; how to rent a car, how to locate the correct bus or train at a station. They will also be grateful for your pointers about our highways.

"Company's Coming! Everywhere I go people are talking about it and asking what they can do to help. I've been telling them that simple American hospitality is most important. I think a visitor will remember the busy Philadelphian who takes time to put him on the right bus just as vividly as he'll recall Independence Hall. And a courtesy extended by a Montana drugstore clerk will make an impression quite as lasting as Yellowstone National Park. So please remember that friendly Americans win American friends!"

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, Ray Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLV, No. 35, September 1, 1962. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" © 1962 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Convention. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

WHAT WE ARE NOT BEING TOLD ABOUT FALLOUT HAZARDS

There are about as many diverse opinions as there are authorities, and yet, on two points, the facts cannot be denied:

• As a result of fallout, *right now*, some people will suffer and some will die.

• Our own government has been confused, indecisive and less than forthright.

How safe is the food we are eating? The air that we breathe? Is there anything we can do to safeguard ourselves? Who is responsible for our protection and why is so little being done?

Without presuming to judge the morality of atomic testing, September Redbook presents a straightforward accounting of radiation hazards today and tomorrow.

September
REDBOOK
now on sale at all newsstands

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

AUGUST was the month of Pavel Popovich and Andrian Nikolayev, of Marilyn Monroe and Mrs. Sherri Finkbine, of George Humphrey and Mrs. Stanley Mann. Indeed, the latter, the Wantagh, Long Island, housewife who started a new craze, "frying marbles," somehow seemed to us the Woman of the Month. Mrs. Mann, as you probably saw, fashions her fried marbles into necklaces, two of which we understand she has sent to the White House, one for Jacqueline and the other for Caroline—no immies, we hope, nothing but fried aggies.

All month long, it seemed, the sad story of Marilyn Monroe dragged on. Public affection for Marilyn resulted not only in an outcry against her tormentors in the world of Publi-ciety but also seemed to result in criticism of two participants in her private life. One was Dr. Ralph Greenson, who demonstrated that psychiatry must still be a somewhat inexact science if it was incapable of helping someone with as much as Marilyn had to live for. The other was Arthur Miller, who, it seems, might have come up with at least one gentle statement.

When the sad chips were down, only one man in Marilyn's private life came through. Never did Joe DiMaggio stand higher in the affections of the public—even if not in the affections of the Hollywood gossip columnists, the Twentieth Century-Fox executives, and the other hangers-on—than when he kept the funeral a private affair.

• • •

The Sunday following Marilyn's death there were ten suicides that one day in just New York alone, breaking the all-time record, and the next week there came the sleeping-pills suicide of Mrs. Angelo Ronzoni, of the macaroni Ronzonis, and an attempt at suicide by sleeping pills on the part of actress Bella Darvi, the "discovery" and long the companion of Twentieth Century-Fox's new president, Darryl Zanuck. However, coroner's report or no coroner's report, most people believed Marilyn's death was not a suicide but a tragic accident, and most people also believed it was high time the medical profession, if not the psychiatrists, do something about sleeping pills. If you are a patient in a hospital, you cannot put aside even one pill, because the nurse will take it back. Yet if you are a patient out of a hospital, you can have a bottle of them almost any time you feel like it.

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On the newspaper-column front there was good news. Westbrook Pegler was fired by Hearst and King Features after delivery of a speech in Tulsa, Oklahoma, at a meeting of a right-wing politico-religious organization called the Christian Crusade. In the speech, he attacked, among other people, William Randolph Hearst, Jr. "The maximum tolerance," said Hearst executive Frank Conniff, "is made in this organization for prima donnas. But this has become personal." Somehow we had the idea that Pegler had occasionally been personal before.

• • •

There was also more news about Tulsa's Jenkins Lloyd Jones, the editor of the Tulsa *Tribune*, who started the so-called "Blow the Whistle" campaign to cover up what he called the "cesspool" of lewdness in fiction, movies, art, etc. We liked best the editorial in the *Columbia Journalism Review*. "The Review," it stated, "does not want to debate his particular dislikes . . . but if 'blowing the whistle' means abetting municipal or religious groups bent on rationing the fare of the public at large, editors must pause."

• • •

Elsewhere on the censorship front, a federal appeals court in Chicago held that stories in two detective magazines about the assault and murder of a seventeen-year-old Chicago high school girl in 1957 had invaded individual privacy. "When the news media have served their proper function in reporting current events," the Court held, "private individuals involved therein sink back into the solitude which is the right of every person. That solitude involves a privacy which no publication has the right to thereafter invade solely for the purposes of selling lurid accounts of tragedy to its readers." The Authors Guild *Bulletin* was one of the publications aroused. "Does it mean," the *Bulletin* asked, "that no author can write a magazine article or a book about a crime after the daily press has dropped it?"

• • •

Meanwhile, at the August Hunt Breakfast of the West Coast branch of the Hunt the Hunters Hunt Club, it was reported that Jimmy Stewart, his wife Gloria, and son Michael, sixteen, had returned from a safari in Africa, during which time Gloria got an elephant, a leopard, and a water buck and Michael got a lion, a buffalo, and a leopard—all, unfortunaely, without any accident to Jimmy, Gloria, or Michael. After this report, the main office of the Hunt the Hunters Hunt had no alternative but to declare open season on the whole Stewart family. The club acted, we understand, with some reluctance since it had always pictured Jimmy as a rather mild soul—until he married the bloodthirsty Gloria. But reports are reports, and the club stands firm on the question of women hunting. Actually the club is in favor of them. Under certain circumstances—and this appears to be one of them—they make quite sporty game.

• • •

Our month's Nomination for Oblivion goes to Mr. J. Paul Getty who, in *Playboy* magazine, favored us with an analysis of the late stock-market unpleasantness. Among other things that Mr. Getty advised prospective investors to ask, before making an investment, was: "Have reasonable dividends been paid regularly?" The more we thought about it, the more we couldn't remember when one of Mr. Getty's companies had ever paid a dividend—a cash dividend, we mean, not one of those stock dividends which are, of course, merely a matter of financial paper-doll cutting. We were also amused by Mr. Getty's advice to buy oil companies which had a dissolving value greater than the value of the stock—and the more we thought about that, the more we wondered if Mr. Getty had ever considered his own plan.

In any case, the way we figure it, it is certainly not much of a compliment to the management of any of these companies, Mr. Getty's included, if the best thing they could do, from the point of view of the stockholders, is to close up shop.

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TRADE Winds

ASPIRANTS TO a creative writing career no longer need to confine themselves to books, magazines, stage, or films. They also can, if they are of such a mind, join the swelling ranks of menu writers who, in a high state of exaltation, reach up into the Olympian ether to describe the succulent quality of their favorite nectar or ambrosia.

"You've got to get their taste buds tingling," says Percy Pinsker, proprietor of the Gaylord Printing Company in New York, a firm which has elevated menu printing to a fine art. "Everything today is psychological. Any printer can print a menu. But few know how to make it sing."

ONE OF THE EARLIEST pioneers in gilding the menu is Toffenetti's, the restaurant chain which can make a simple and unassuming Idaho potato seem like a full-course meal.

"Toffenetti presents to you," says one of the menus, "the quintessence of entrancing mealiness and fabulous health with his GENUINE IDAHO BAKED POTATOES."

The menu then goes on to say: "Upon that abundant land of Idaho, once upon a time, nature unleashed her fury with moving glaciers, floods, and volcanoes. Today after centuries of quiet, we harvest for you the most beautiful potatoes especially adapted because of their mealiness for baking. So, you who seek health and pleasure come to us and: Just say Idaho."

"A lot of people say our menus are corny," said Pat Coscette, manager of Toffenetti's highly successful New York shop, "but they work."

ANOTHER GLORIFIER OF the menu is Ben Wallach, who helps put together the menus for Cobb's Corner and other restaurants in the Cobb chain in Manhattan. Some of his menus refer to a shish-kabob as ". . . roasted in the Pit, Blushing Pink Fingers of the Finest Sirloin Steak. Tenderly Roasted on a Steel Skewer, with Jumbo Mushroom Caps and Red Ripe California Tomatoes. . . . Served on a Bed of French Fried Idaho potatoes."

"We like to be different," says Mr. Wallach. "A menu like this takes the customer's mind off waiting. We give them a glass of iced, pure water to keep them busy physically—and a menu to keep them busy mentally."

When we asked him about a menu item called "Virginny" ham, Mr. Wallach told us: "Anybody can say 'Virginia.' We say 'Virginny.' It makes us more distinctive."

And it must. Cobb's restaurants have grown as fast as Idaho potatoes, all over New York.

SOMETIMES MENU WRITERS are carried away with their own success. Up in Martha's Vineyard, the Navigator Room of the Harborside Inn lists its mouth-watering dishes with enthusiasm and color. Swordfish is never covered with just plain butter; it is "garnished with Maître d'Hôtel butter. And beef is never simply roasted. It is listed as "Roast Prime Ribs of Beef Fit for a King"—at $5.25. On the next line, however, you read that the King Size (with the bone) will run you $5.75. This leaves the initial listing of Roast Beef open to question. Is it really fit for a king if it has to be buttressed by the King Size slice for 50 cents additional?

WHEN IT COMES TO king-sized menus, some of the most lavish restaurants also provide the largest-sized menus. The menu of the famous Forum of the Twelve Caesars measures 17 inches by 26 inches, complete with purple ribbon, gold sealing wax, and a gold embossed logo on the front. At the top of the list of provocative food items is a quotation by Catullus, "Cenabis Bene . . . Apud Me," suggesting to the patron that "You will dine well at my table."

And you will. Here you can dine on anything from "Great Mushrooms Stuffed with Snails and Gallic Cheese" to a "Pheasant of the Golden House on a Silver Shield in Gilded Plumage Roasted with an Exquisite Sauce." These items alone would run the check for two of you up to $19.70, without extras.

The Mermaid Tavern in Stratford, Connecticut run by the same organization, has a menu from the days of Shakespeare, Johnson, and Bacon. It includes "Chyken Livers Simmered in Sherris Sack" and "Eggs Served wyth Shredded Taters." You won't find a "business man's luncheon" here—but you will find a suggestion "For the Man of Commerce."

ONE NEW YORK RESTAURANT prints a special St. Patrick's Day menu in green, and manages to come up with a fine melting-pot assortment of items. It's the Hyde Park Restaurant under the genial direction of Larry Lowenstein.

On this day, he features on his menu such dishes as "Erin-Ga-Bragh Cheese Blintzes," "O'Lowenstein's Old Irish Recipe for Corned Beef and Cabbage," and "O'Malley's Kosher Style Knackwurst." In addition, he throws in "Bridey Murphy's Fricassee of Young Spring Chicken."

SOME MENU SHOWMANSHIP started quite by accident. Thus the Woodlawn, in Madison, Connecticut, hands out real miniature blackboards to its diners—the result of losing its ace typist unexpectedly. And Percy Pinsker discovered that one of his clients, a Spanish restaurant known as Liborio, had trouble explaining what each Spanish dish was. He stumbled on the idea of putting the price in the middle, the Spanish dish on the left, and the English translation on the right. Business went up 25 per cent. He also discovered that culture pays off. One of his menus is laced with quotes by Emerson, Wilde, Ibsen, Twain, Milton, and Rabelais.

The Waldorf cafeteria chain is now discovering that old-style cafeterias are dimming in popularity; the chain is experimenting with neat, moderately priced restaurants whose menus offer dishes from "The Iron Oven," the "Soup Cauldron," and the "Sandwich Block."

But not all successful restaurants are succumbing to the trend. Chock Full O'Nuts is growing by logarithms and still lists a sliced ham and cheese sandwich as just that. Fruit cup is fruit cup. Chocolate cake is chocolate cake.

But even in this oasis of simplicity, the temptation is too strong to resist. The coffee is listed as "heavenly" coffee.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1482)

NORMAN COUSINS:
IN PLACE OF FOLLY

The question for the individual is how to use the power he possesses. He can think, he can talk, he can write, he can make his opinions known. He need not wait to be asked for his views. The act of informed dedication is a power by itself.

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 1, 1962

AMERICAN MYTHS, OLD AND NEW

By MALCOLM COWLEY

AMERICA has now had two successive mythologies and will, I think, soon have a third—all beginning in large part as literary creations. The first had taken a final shape by the year 1890. Much of it grew out of the writings of such authors as James Fenimore Cooper and reflected Americans' preoccupation with the frontier. Then, between 1890 and 1940, it was replaced by the second mythology, this one mainly with an urban base, its creators writers like Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis. The third is still in the making.

In retrospect our first mythology seems amazingly complete, including as it did a score of familiar backgrounds, each with its registered trademark. For New England the trademark was a low-roofed farmhouse with a well sweep outside the kitchen door; for the tidewater South it was a high-porticoed mansion; for the Great Smokies it was a crazy-roofed cabin not far from a corn-liquor still.

The mythology had other trademarks as well, familiar to everybody who thumbed through the magazines or went to theatres: the Mississippi steamboat round the bend, the sod house on the prairie, the chuck wagon surrounded by cowboys squatting on their heels, the Indian village with dancing braves, and the gambling saloon near the California diggings.

Against these familiar backgrounds moved a whole pantheon of mythological figures, at least twelve of which might be listed as the major gods (and one goddess) of our first native Olympus:

(1) The sober-garbed and steeple-hatted Puritan, usually pictured on his way to church with his Bible in one hand and his bell-mouthed musket in the other.

(2) Contrasting with him, the plumed Virginia cavalier, spurring madly through the forest to defend his honor and rescue a damsel in distress.

(3) The woods ranger in coonskin cap and fringed buckskin breeches carrying a long rifle. Daniel Boone, Natty Bumppo, and Nick of the Woods were three of the many names to which he answered.

(4) The backwoods boaster or Southwestern ring-tailed roarer, sometimes known as Davy Crockett. Half-horse, half-alligator, a little teched with the snapping turtle, he could grin the bark off a tree and hug a bear too close for comfort.

(5) The Yankee to rhyme with lanky, a tall, loose-jointed figure with sallow cheeks, a sharp nose, and an eye to the main chance. First he was a schoolmaster called Ichabod Crane; then he changed his name to Sam Slick and peddled wooden nutmegs. It was his brother Jonathan, equally shrewd but kinder hearted, who grew a long chin-beard and was caricatured in the newspapers as Uncle Sam.

(6) The Southern colonel with black slouch hat and shoestring tie, sitting behind high white pillars in a rocking chair and calling, "Tom, you rascal, bring me another julep."

(7) Uncle Tom, the faithful slave, with his black head surrounded by a halo of white lamb's wool.

(8) The slit-eyed, lean-jawed, soft-spoken gambler with two six-guns hidden beneath the frock coat made by an Omaha tailor.

(9) The bad man—Quantrill, Jesse James, Sam Bass—riding into town at the head of his outlaw band to rob a bank. He was whisky-eyed, unshaven, brutal, but he gave money to the poor and he never annoyed a woman.

(10) The Indian chieftain in his bonnet of eagles' feathers, his language consisting of "How" and "Ugh."

(11) The Alger hero, doing and daring, rising by pluck and luck from rags to riches.

(12) And, finally, the young girl who ruled over all the others by force of her unsullied innocence, so that the

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gambler blushed like a small boy when she spoke to him, the Southern colonel was ruled by her whims, the bad man ed, and the scarlet woman—on those few occasions when she appeared in early American fiction—knelt to kiss the hem of her skirt.

Besides these major deities there were demigod-like figures not far behind them, including—to mention only a few—the Down East farmer who ordered his erring daughter into a snowstorm; the black-mustachioed villain with his city ways; the millionaire enslaved by his beautiful daughters; the bad boy that every American businessman wished he could be once more; the widowed mother waiting for the mortgage to be foreclosed; the comic Irishman who outwitted the comic Dutchman and was in turn outwitted by the comic Jew; the abolitionist turned carpetbagger; the black mammy at her cabin door; the Eastern dude among cowboys; the half-witted old prospector; and—when some bolder author like Bret Harte dared to mention her—the dance-hall girl with a heart of twenty-four-karat gold.

In those days after the Civil War, it was the good women, wives and schoolmistresses, who bought the books and read the magazines; most men read only the newspapers. To be successful an author had to please a feminine audience. Women liked love stories and hence the magazines were full of them, while all the popular novels ended to the peal of a wedding march.

Yet romantic love was not a major theme either in serious American literature on its highest level or in familiar American folklore. After the first few chapters, "Moby Dick" has no female characters except mother whales. There were not many women, either, in the great cycles of myth that dealt with the wilderness, the river, the cattle ranges, and the mining camps. All consisted of stories about men, working or wandering, hunting, fighting, enduring hardships, getting rich, or running away from civilization, but seldom or never passionately in love. Huck Finn was of course too young for love, but all the familiar heroes were boys at heart. Old Leatherstocking died a bachelor.

Love was not the only topic that was seldom elaborated in classical American mythology. As compared with the legendary epics of other nations, American myths treated a narrow range of subjects: for example, they were not much concerned with rivalries between countries or classes, with loyalty to rulers, or with the question of man's place in the universe, themes that recur in epic poems from the "Iliad" to "Paradise Lost." They did not express a strong sense of locality. Their heroes were lonely and often childless men who wandered farther than Ulysses, but always away from home.

OUR myths were not tragic in the Greek sense. The heroes were not punished for their pride, nor did they ever resign themselves to fate; when they found themselves in a tragic situation they pulled up stakes and moved farther west. Sometimes they couldn't move because they were surrounded by hostile Indians, but then they fought and triumphed over impossible odds through a mixture of courage, ingenuity, and blind luck. The U.S. Cavalry never failed to appear with gleaming sabers before the Redskins captured the wagon train. The heroes never lost hope, never smiled, and never stopped cracking jokes. Humor, dry or boisterous, was one quality of the first American mythology and headlong action was another; but what these myths most admirably expressed was the buoyancy of a new nation, its faith in the individual, and its thirst for perpetual movement and improvement.

The characters and stories that had begun as literary creations lived on as archetypes of American life in the public mind: life copied fiction. But by 1890 they had already passed into the field of mass entertainment and become transformed into stereotypes. Moreover, by 1890 the country had changed and the old gods and heroes could no longer be followed as guides to daily living. There were no more Indians to fight on the frontier and indeed there was no frontier, in the sense of a continuous line beyond which there were no permanent settlements. The last big land rush had been the stampede across the Oklahoma border in 1889. The gold rush in 1890 at Cripple Creek, Colorado, was the last really big one south of Canada. The new pioneers would be the "backtrailers," as Hamlin Garland called them, moving from the Plains States to Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, and New York: the new frontier.

Besides this movement from farms to factories and offices, there were other changes produced by expansion and immigration. The center of American life had shifted from the Eastern Seaboard, with its colonial traditions, to the Mississippi Valley. English and Scottish were no longer regarded as the only true native strains. Eventually there would be a change in popular legends, to bring them closer to the new situation, but first came a long war in American literature, a battle of the books that began about 1885 and lasted for nearly half a century. Although it used to be described as a quarrel between the Idealists on one side and the Realists and Naturalists on the other, it was also a struggle between rival mythologies.

The Idealists, who included most of the established writers and professors of literature, defended the older myths, those with a rural background and a message of optimism. The Naturalists were younger writers like Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser, who believed the old mythology should be abandoned. Their favorite targets for ridicule were the Puritan, the Alger hero, and the young girl, but in general they regarded all the deities of the old pantheon as idols to be hammered into bits. At the same time they were trying to create new myths that would embody scientific laws—for they were all disciples of Darwin and Herbert Spencer—besides expressing the aspirations of new racial groups and portraying the urban and industrial America of their generation.

Strange things happened to the older American heroes both during this

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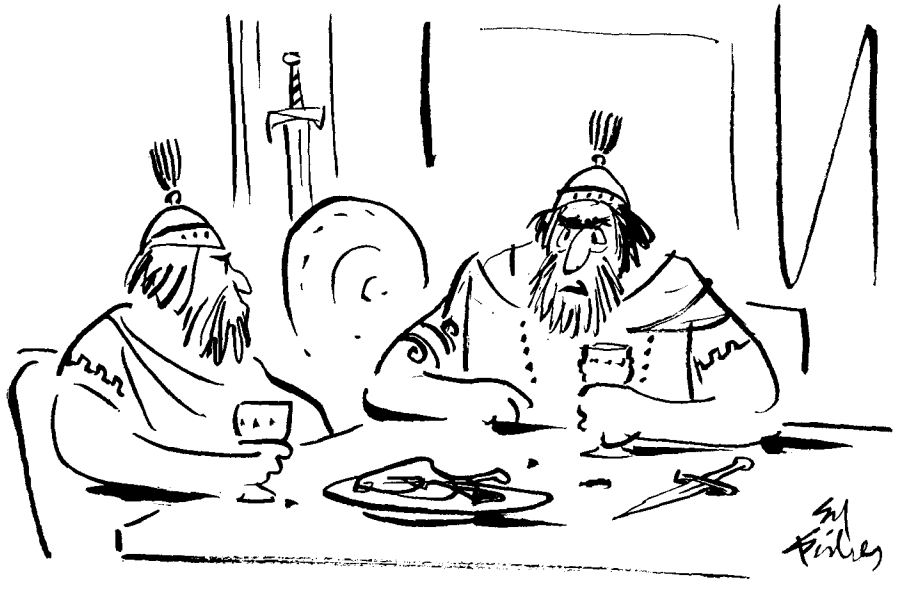
civil war in the literary world and after the victory of the Naturalistic writers. Thus the sharp-witted Yankee peddler disappeared from fiction after a final visit to King Arthur's court. The Puritan became a blue-nosed Prohibitionist and, in popular books, a generally mean fellow. Uncle Tom was rejected by his own people, and soon the name was being applied to conservative Negro leaders as a derisive epithet.

Other traditional characters survived and prospered by moving to the city. There the slit-eyed gambler ran a night club—hundreds of night clubs in one moving picture after another—and kept his six-guns in the middle drawer of his executive-type desk. The bad man became a big-time gangster, after losing his respect for women. Leatherstocking also moved to the city, where he wore a private detective's badge and tracked down criminals as if they were Redskins. The young girl lost her cast-iron innocence and, growing older, suffered a curious transformation. As the frigid, selfish wife and later as the possessive mother who kept her children tied to her silver-corded apron, she became the familiar villainess of American fiction.

New characters, mostly city dwellers, came forward to join the earlier heroes of legend. Among those who now took hold of the popular imagination were the wise girl making her lonely way in the metropolis (like Dreiser's Sister Carrie and David Graham Phillips's Susan Lenox, who fell and rose again); the robber baron winning and losing fortunes without regard for the law (as in Dreiser's "The Financier"); the political boss who looked like Mark Hanna and met his cronies in a smoke-filled room; the blond beast, Jack London's favorite character, seeking gold in the Northland as recklessly as his Viking ancestors; the criminal not to blame for his bad ancestry (like Norris's McTeague); and the pawn of circumstances (like Dreiser's Clyde Griffiths) who was involved in an American tragedy through no fault of his own.

After World War I still other characters found their places in American mythology. The flapper rushed on the scene and then rushed off again with her boy friend, the smoothie or slicker from Princeton; later she would reappear in bobby socks. The intellectual small-town housewife, or Carol Kennicott, lived on Main Street and yearned after higher things. George Follansbee Babbitt sold real estate, pack-jammed his house with gadgets, and talked in gold-filled platitudes. The tough and cynical front-page reporter tried to conceal his soft-boiled heart, while the girl in the green hat went from one love affair to another with the same broken-hearted smile. Originally a young person from Mayfair, copied from life by Michael Arlen, she was again copied from life by Hemingway in "The Sun Also Rises." There she kept her British passport, but she became an American in John O'Hara's "Butterfield 8." Poor thing, she paid a heavy price for her voyage across the Atlantic, for soon she was dying a series of tragic deaths in dozens of novels about New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Nashville, Tennessee. Some doctoral candidate for a degree in American literature should trace her whole unedifying story.

Then in succession came T. S. Eliot's legend of the spiritual wasteland, Scott Fitzgerald's legend of the jazz age, the Hemingway legend of the lost generation, the Erskine Caldwell legend of Tobacco Road, the Steinbeck legend of dispossessed Oklahoma farmers grinding westward to California, and the Southern cavalier legend which, though it went back for more than a century, was raised to a new dimension by William Faulkner. It was during this period, too, that Troy was burned again in the shape of Atlanta and that King Priam, reincarnated as a Southern planter, was murdered in the midst of his retainers. Hundreds of authors working in collaboration had given us another Iliad, of sorts.



"Whenever they say we Vandals are nothing but barbarians it gets me so mad I want to break things."

LOOKING back on their work, we can see that the authors of the interwar years from 1920 to 1940 were, like their predecessors, skilful in presenting characters that became archetypes of American life. Their books performed the function that Whitman assigned to the literature and songs of a country: they furnished, as he said, "the materials and suggestions of personality for the women and men of that country" and enforced them "in a thousand suggestive ways." By 1940 many young Americans were behaving like Hemingway or Thomas Wolfe characters, as later their tragic hero would be Scott Fitzgerald. Life once again had copied fiction—and this time had copied it all the more readily because movies and radio, coming before universal television, were already making fiction omnipresent. When one of our novelists created a new figure, not only was it reproduced in bulk by less original writers, but it was dramatized for Broadway, mirrored in teen-age books, adapted for Hollywood, and readapted for the nation-wide networks—so that sometimes the hero of a serious novel, having descended toward a wider audience step after giant step, was heard five times a week in radio serials and was seen (or a figure dimly inspired by him was seen) daily and Sunday in a comic strip.

Continually enriched by novelists and poets, always more widely diffused by new methods of communication, American mythology had broadened through the years until it appeared to offer a complete picture of American life. That appearance, of course, was an illusion even in 1940. Not all of American life, and especially not its healthy average level, had been expressed in mythological terms—and this for the simple reason that novelists and poets have always been less attracted by the average than by the intense and extraordinary.

A more serious weakness of the literary imagination, when measured against American realities, is that it tends to be retrospective. The world

(*Continued on page 47*)

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REPORT FROM ACCRA

By JAMES J. WADSWORTH, *former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations and now president of the Peace Research Institute in Washington, D.C.*

EARLY in May of this year I received a call from the Embassy of Ghana, inviting me to take part in a meeting on disarmament to be held in Accra June 18-28. The meeting was to be known as the Accra Assembly and would consist of some 100 participants, who were to be present not as representatives of government, but as individuals. The majority were expected to come from "nonaligned" countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, but there would be present, as well, a limited number of special "experts" from countries on both sides of the cold-war conflict. It was in this capacity that I was invited. As an "expert" I would not be expected to subscribe to the over-all report of the assembly, but would be asked to deliver various critiques at specified times during the session.

It was very difficult for me to decide whether or not to accept the invitation. First, I had not been familiar with the preliminary work done in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, where, after the "neutralist" meeting at Belgrade in September, 1961, some thirty-one individuals from eighteen countries held a preparatory conference for the Accra Assembly. Second, there was reason to suspect that members from the Communist bloc would attempt somehow to organize a pro-Communist report under the "nonaligned" label, and a large percentage of the attendance was apparently scheduled to come from countries, which, although not necessarily hostile to the United States, could still be characterized as cool to many of the ideas I have held about disarmament and the relieving of international tensions.

At length, however, I decided to accept. The overriding reason was that I was anxious to meet, work with, and talk to the many individuals who had expressed their intention of attending. I felt that such personal contacts would be valuable for my own thinking and that the meeting itself might possibly ignite a spark that could be nurtured in the future.

Space will not allow the listing of all the participants and experts, but I was much impressed with the quality of the group as a whole. There were fourteen United States citizens, ten Russians, two representatives from Czechoslovakia, and one from Poland. The United Kingdom group was made up of nine persons, including Canon L. John Collins, co-sponsor of the meeting, and Philip Noel-Baker, the Nobel Peace Prize laureate. Twelve Latin Americans were present representing seven countries—a disappointment to the sponsors, who had hoped to get wider representation from that area. Japan, India, Pakistan, and Afghanistan were represented, and twenty-six participants came from fourteen different African states.

The treatment accorded all of us by everyone in Ghana, from President Kwame Nkrumah down, was truly magnificent. Transportation, hotel rooms, subsistence, sightseeing, meeting rooms of all kinds, including the Main Hall of the Parliament, and social gatherings were our happy lot.

Nevertheless, when the final gavel fell, there were many in the gathering who were disappointed, to varying degrees, in the assembly's performance. It had seemed to fall short of expectations in several respects, one of the most important of which concerned the status of the participants themselves. All the invitations to participate in the assembly and all the publicity connected with it stressed the proposition that no one should appear in Accra as the representative of any government—that it was to be an assembly of individuals, expressing their own untrammeled opinions. This was true for a large number of the participants, but not for all of them. Several known government representatives were there from Communist nations.

The presence of people representing the official viewpoints of their countries put the individuals from the nonaligned nations in a seriously equivocal position. These latter were urged on the one hand to evolve suggestions which might be acceptable to the major powers. This of course, meant ingenuity in finding compromises. But they were also urged to speak out and produce independent, useful recommendations on a "let-the-chips-fall" basis, regardless of cold-war pressures. The inevitable result was a constant falling between the two stools, and some of the participants claimed that the nonaligned people leaned so far over backward to avoid controversy that they came up with little that was new and bold.

It is difficult to distinguish between

"And if I am elected, I promise to provide tax relief, balance the budget, build up defenses. . . ."

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cause and effect in this matter. There is, of course, the chance that participants from the larger powers might have dominated the gathering regardless of official positions or lack of them. I rather doubt this, however. Regardless of whatever else may be said about the Accra Assembly, there is no question as to the moral and intellectual stature of a considerable number of the participants. And since an overwhelming majority of them came from the more or less unaligned nations, one must assume that here is a potential source of intelligent, courageous thinking—particularly if backed by objective expertise.

As it was, there was evidence that certain political shibboleths had fastened themselves like limpets to the thinking of many people, at times even to the exclusion of logic. A clear example of this cropped up in the committee studying the subject of the relaxation of international tensions. Here it developed that most of the members of the committee were determined to state *as fact* that there *is only one* Chinese government, and that it is the People's Republic at Peiping. In vain it was argued that this "fact" was beclouded by the recognition of the Republic of China at Taiwan by some 60 per cent of the governments of the world. In vain it was argued that a meeting such as the Accra Assembly might more appropriately call for the seating of Peiping at the disarmament table, leaving the purely political question of United Nations membership to the politicians. But for reasons I have yet to fathom, there was a firm belief that United Nations membership for Communist China would be a valuable step toward the relaxation of international tensions.

IT IS only too easy, however, to cast aspersions at a group like the Accra Assembly. To me, the whole business of disarmament and of finding a responsible, honorable alternative to war is too important to allow these criticisms to be overriding. The government of the United States should not, of course, be expected to endorse even in part the recommendations that emerge from such a group, but I am sure that the government should display great interest in and sympathy with the proposition that human beings should be thinking and talking, rather than shooting, their way out of their troubles. We may not agree with certain specific ideas that spring from an Accra Assembly, but we should be grateful that such a gathering has been made possible, and that others are on the docket.

The point to be made is that whenever reasonably intelligent people of reasonably good will can meet together for the frank discussions that marked most of the Accra deliberations, there is always the chance that somebody will hit upon the germ of an idea in which may lie the answer to the No. 1 problem of mankind. Governments, on the other hand, have been singularly incapable of producing such ideas. The very fact of government authorship makes them suspect to the other side, whereas individual people are much more likely to escape the numbness which arises from professional governmental preoccupation with "national security."

Thus I remain convinced that the answer will come from people rather than from governments. My dearest hope is to be useful in helping to find it. But the finding, not the finder, is of paramount importance. It might come from a Georgia sharecropper's cabin, from a Madison Avenue ideafactory, from a university research center, from a religious group, or from a retired general of some army. Or it might just come from a group of devoted people who have enough faith in human ingenuity to travel thousands of miles to meet with like-minded people, to compare ideas and views, to expose theories and beliefs to objective criticism, and who simply will not stop trying, no matter how discouraging the prospect.

The Accra Assembly was not an overwhelming success; I doubt whether any participant will claim that for it. A careful study of the report that came out of it and of the so-called "Accra Plan" reveals areas of extreme difficulty, most of which were openly recognized by the signatories, but it also reveals little that should be dismissed as too immature or unrealistic.

Continuity for the coming year is being provided by President Nkrumah, and a small permanent secretariat has been established in Accra. But Nkrumah is making no attempt to restrict the assemblies to Ghana, and it is probable that in the future they will also be held elsewhere. They should improve in performance as participants are able to assess and evaluate their experiences. In any case, I hope to be on hand. I simply do not feel I can afford to be absent.

Three at a Game

By Beth Bentley

THEY sit in domesticity—
a certain intricate kind light
Vermeer unloosened—their three heads,
three different bloods, in harmony

above the game. The eldest man,
emphatic as his coxcomb hair,
ridged like fresh-turned earth, hoar-stiffened,
a study in fine darkness, etching

age and use have slightly blurred.
His youthful, nervous gaiety
sophisticated by travail,
he plays his hand. The younger man,

large and mild, a freighted ship
steady on course beside the dart-
sharp racing craft, holds down the table
with one great-fingered peasant's hand

whose fair hairs originate light.
The third, a child with both their natures
firmly cast upon his features,
quick and thoughtful, fair and dark,

Cuchulain merged with Abraham,
arches a sanguine, knowing eye.
Two ancientest, most-honored tribes
vie with their gifts to pleasure him.

Together at the dining table,
old man, young man, little child,
my father, husband and my son,
smile at history, trade turns.

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In the Mind of the Reader

By GRANVILLE HICKS

BECAUSE of several letters I have received, I want to make some (I hope) reassuring remarks on the subject of certain words frequently used in contemporary fiction. Ironically, these words cannot be printed in a magazine such as the *Saturday Review*, but everyone who reads this page knows what words I have in mind and what they mean.

These words have led an underground life for centuries. Some of them have, at various periods, risen to the surface; a word, for instance, that *Saturday Review* probably would not print appears in the King James Version of the Bible. But there has never been a time when they were commonly used in polite conversation, and Mark Twain was wrong in assuming, as he did in "1601," that they were so used in the Elizabethan era. Shakespeare alludes to one of the words in "Hamlet" and to another in "Romeo and Juliet," but they are not words that he uses openly, even in low comic scenes. (He had plenty of substitutes, as Eric Partridge demonstrates in "Shakespeare's Bawdy.")

What is amusing about "1601" is that, at the high noon of Victorianism, not only Mark Twain knew the words but also the Rev. Joseph Twichell, John Hay, and even William Dean Howells, though Howells was always embarrassed by his friend's "Elizabethan breadth of parlance." Twain, of course, left blanks, but he assumed that few persons would have difficulty in supplying the missing words, and I am sure he was right.

Yet until just the other day two or three of these words were sufficient to keep a book out of the United States mails and to send a bookseller to jail. And now, though the battle of the mails has been won, thanks to a series of sensible judicial decisions, the battle of the bookstores continues, most notably with respect to Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer." Local laws on obscenity, to be sure, do not specifically prohibit the words, but their use is ordinarily the crux of the matter.

One's first impulse is to say that of course this is ridiculous, this belief that one word is evil whereas another, meaning exactly the same thing, is not. But the problem is not so simple as that. Certain of the so-called Anglo-Saxon monosyllables do carry a heavy emotional charge, as is made obvious by the character of the laughter when one of them is used in the theatre. I have known men to be deeply shocked when they encountered in print words that they were in the habit of using every few minutes. I should myself be startled, at least for a moment, if I found in the *Saturday Review* words that I think nothing of when I encounter them in novels.

One reason why the monosyllables have an emotional effect is that they express the ambivalence most people feel towards both the sexual and the eliminatory functions. The nice, proper, doctor's-office word does not communicate all that is in our mind. A farmer of my acquaintance uses the barnyard terminology with the same precision and unselfconsciousness that a doctor shows in handling his vocabulary, but the expletive and metaphorical uses of the same terms are something else. Perhaps the most striking example of ambivalence is the way in which a common term for the male sex organ is employed to describe a contemptible fellow. What is shocking—I do not use the word in a derogatory sense—in James Baldwin's "Another Country" is not that particular words are used, but that they are used so constantly to express violent emotions.

Another explanation of the power these words have is the fact that they have provided a relief from the often excessive burden of respectability. Mark Twain is the classic example of this, and not merely in "1601." He had to escape from Livy, his beloved wife; and profanity and what were then called off-color jokes were his refuge. Many men felt that impulse in the nineteenth century, and many men still do. (So, I have no doubt, do some women.) The freedom to use the monosyllables was, and probably still is, the freedom to be oneself.

Why have the words, so long taboo, finally emerged on the printed page, or at least on some printed pages? To a large extent the emergence is a result of the sexual revolution of our time, the emphasis on sexual experience as an end in itself. D. H. Lawrence, prophet of a quasi-mystical attitude towards sex, was naturally a pioneer in the literary use of the long-forbidden vocabulary. He felt that the Anglo-Saxon terms were more expressive than their Latinate equivalents, which had become a means of falsification. Other writers have been concerned chiefly with verisimilitude: people should talk in books as they do in life, and their ambivalences should be exposed.

AT ANY RATE, the words are here, and it seems likely that they will appear on more pages rather than fewer in the future. One likely result will be the diminution of their power to shock. As a considerable folklore testifies, the words were rendered meaningless by their habitual use in the armed services during the war. Even now the effect of the words tends to wear off when they are repeated again and again in a particular novel, and they serve to reveal character only when they express some deep-seated conflict.

Whatever else may be true, the emergence of the words is a victory over censorship, and that is all to the good. The sooner we all learn to make a distinction between disapproval and censorship, the better off society will be. I disapprove earnestly of countless magazines that are on the newsstands, of countless movies that are shown in the theatres, of countless programs that appear on television, but I don't think they should be censored. If they do harm, as I believe they may, that harm has to be counteracted in whatever ways we can find. Censorship cannot get at the real evil, and it is an evil in itself.

On the other hand, let us not forget that the contrary proposition is true: to oppose censorship is not to give approval. I am against the censoring of trash, but I do not like trash. I am opposed to the suppression of "Tropic of Cancer," but I am not sure it is a great novel. There are all sorts of important issues involved, and we do not dispose of them merely by coming out in favor of freedom of the press. We shall, however, come closer to solving them if our minds are not confused by the problem of forbidden words.

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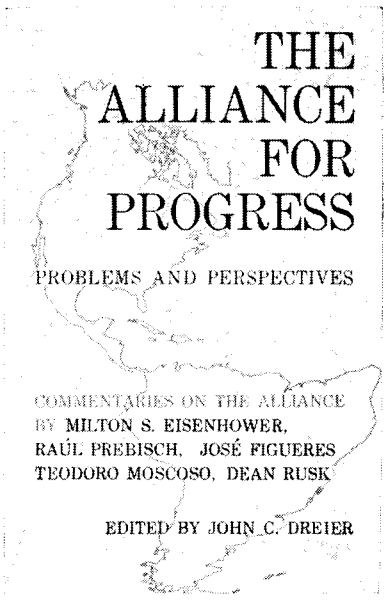
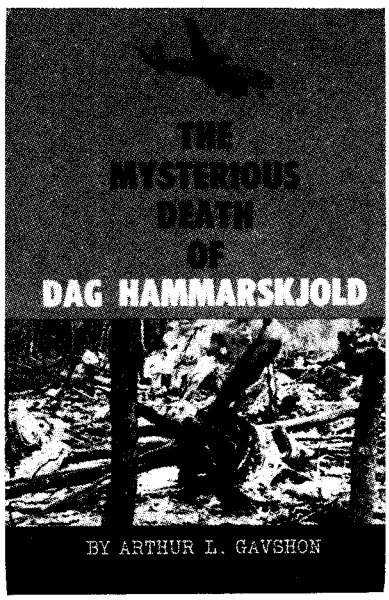
Books in the News





Too Soon for a Trial Balance

"The Alliance for Progress: Problems and Perspectives," edited by John C. Dreier *(Johns Hopkins University Press. 146 pp. $3.95), considers how Latin America can advance economically and at the same time achieve social justice. Philip Van Slyck recently edited "Focus: Latin America."*

By PHILIP VAN SLYCK

FIVE statesmen-architects of inter-American development spoke to overflow crowds in the nation's capital last spring in a series of talks sponsored by the School of Advanced International Studies of The Johns Hopkins University. These lectures, one of them somewhat expanded, have now been issued in a single volume under the editorship of John C. Dreier. The text of the Charter of Punta del Este is also reprinted.

The reader who expects to find here a unified philosophical approach to the Alliance for Progress will be disappointed. So will the reader who is looking for specifics on what the Alliance has accomplished in its first year or expects to accomplish in its next few. But the reader will be rewarded who recognizes that this ten-year, $100 billion, hemisphere-wide undertaking is still too young for a trial balance to be struck and too ambitious to be captured in a single set of formulas.

Actually there is considerable debate on aims and methods under the Alliance, and this volume provides an interesting confrontation of different perspectives on Latin American development problems and needs. It is a dialogue, so to speak, between the three essayists who are Latin American in background: Raúl Prebisch, Under-Secretary of the United Nations in Charge of the Economic Commission for Latin America (ECLA); José Figueres, former President of Costa Rica, and Teodoro Moscoso, United States Coordinator of the Alliance for Progress, a Puerto Rican by upbringing. The two North American contributors, Milton S. Eisenhower, president of Johns Hopkins, and Secretary of State Dean Rusk, moderate the dialogue by providing, respectively, an opening essay on the historic roots of the Alliance and a closing essay defining the place of the Alliance in United States global objectives.

Dr. Prebisch's essay, an elaboration of his lecture, is the most detailed exposition of a point of view—an approach long identified with ECLA activities in Latin America. It is a kind of quantum economics that views Latin America as essentially a closed system, an economic model with certain structural weaknesses and malfunctions. Among its most serious deficiencies is insufficient capital accumulation.

The crux of the problem, in Dr. Prebisch's view, is to accomplish simultaneously two contradictory aims: to improve general living conditions without resorting to politically dangerous restraints on consumption while, at the same time, mobilizing and reallocating internal resources for long-range development. The job can be done, he feels, only by enormously increasing the input of external capital —credits, grants, and loans—without violating the "sovereign orbit" of the Latin American system.

Lacking adequate external aid, the system will resort to coercive measures to mobilize its internal resources rather than risk failing to satisfy popular demands for rapid economic development. The choice between democratic and Communist methods, according to this view, will be a by-product of the economic development process.

Although Ambassador Moscoso does not take direct issue with this thesis, his own analysis tends to modify such precise prescriptions. Economic progress, he points out, "is not an objective but a means." Much of the talk about quantifying consumption and investment, like the talk about immediate alleviation of underprivilege and suffering, overlooks the realities and peculiarities of each country. Priorities and plans are necessary but "in open societies where representative democracy is effective, these decisions are not reached quickly or easily." He might have added that where democracy is only emerging, the decisions may be even slower and more difficult.

THE aim of the Alliance, says its chief administrator, is "change designed to promote social justice." This is the most deeply rooted common tradition in the hemisphere, and it is a political rather than an economic concept. It is a goal (and in these terms the United States is also a developing society) in which participation in government becomes universal and in which the individual, and equal individual access to opportunity, are the prime good.

Both Ambassador Moscoso and Dr. Figueres, one of the hemisphere's greatest liberal activists, share this conviction. They also share Dr. Prebisch's sense of urgency and an unease that enough may not be done fast enough to make a difference.

In an essay on political goals, Dr. Figueres lists three nearly equal priorities: (1) "Full-scale emergency

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measures . . . in the spirit of Lend-Lease and the Marshall Plan." (2) "Long-range development programs nd social reforms." (3) "A thorough revision of international commerce." On the last point Dr. Figueres argues that the people of the United States are now paying as taxpayers (by supporting the Alliance) what they should be paying as consumers of Latin American imports. Regulation of this trade and stabilization of prices are essential if Latin America is to begin to earn its own way.

Dr. Eisenhower, in his opening essay, puts the Alliance in historical perspective, pointing out that the fundamental shifts in United States policy which the Alliance expresses actually predate both the Castro revolution and the Kennedy Administration. This is by no means a quibble. It is important to recognize, here and in Latin America, that current United States commitments to economic and social transformation of the hemisphere spring neither from anti-Communism nor from partisan politics. The Alliance expresses historical and deep-seated national convictions, raised to the level and magnitude that current challenges demand.

Secretary Rusk eloquently enlarges on this point in the concluding essay. In defining the place of the Alliance in United States foreign policy he injects fresh meaning into our global aims without diminishing one whit our special relationship with Latin America. Freedom, he points out, is not only a political ideal to which the Americas are committed by faith. It also has a material utility. It is the only climate in which economic growth can be translated into substantial increase in human welfare.

Disaster Into Melodrama

"The Mysterious Death of Dag Hammarskjöld," by Arthur L. Gavshon *(Walker. 243 pp. $4.50), imputes a suicidal motive to the late U.N. Secretary-General's flight to the Congo. Ernest A. Gross is the author of "United Nations."*

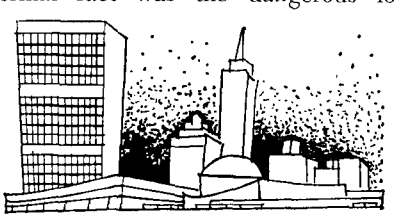
By ERNEST A. GROSS

ARTHUR GAVSHON'S book illustrates how journalistic alchemy can be used to transmute disaster into melodrama. A shattering event occurs that, by its nature, is incapable of full and certain explanation. Doubt arises. Doubt is distilled into suspicion, and suspicion into "mystery."

The title of the work holds out promise of meticulous appraisal of the circumstances surrounding the crash of the *Albertina* near Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, during the night of September 17, 1961, carrying sixteen persons to death, including Dag Hammarskjöld. The tragic event is responsibly enough recounted. But the evidence does not add up to "mystery" and, indeed, the proximate cause of the crash is not actually the issue to which the book primarily addresses itself.

The United Nations Commission investigating Hammarskjöld's death released its Report (A/5069) on April 24, 1962, while Mr. Gavshon's manuscript was in process. The Commission itself noted the difficulties in determining the cause of a crash without survivors and in which 80 per cent of the fuselage had been destroyed. Consideration by the Commission of all possible causes showed it to be unlikely that there had been (1) sabotage or internal interference, (2) attack or external interference, (3) material failure (including technical or structural defect), altimeter failure, or fire in flight.

With regard to the important, though delicate, question of human failure, the Commission circumspectly conceded the "possibility of some misreading of the altimeter," or of distraction of the pilot's attention "during the precise flying for his procedure turn," at an altitude over the crash site which afforded only a "narrow margin of safety." The Commission appointed a Swiss science criminologist to study the wreckage and to review all evidence previously gathered. The Commission included in its report, without comment, his conclusion that there was no possibility of "hostile action from air or ground," and "no room for the suggestion of sabotage." Moreover, he reported, the aircraft had been "normally trimmed," in a "perfectly normal approaching procedure turn." The U.N. expert concluded that "the only abnormal fact was the dangerous low altitude of the aircraft in relation to the airport elevation, *probably due to human failure.*"



This is hardly raw material from which even the most skilful journalist could produce mystery. Mr. Gavshon's effort to do so is overstrained: "We still do not know whether Hammarskjöld was murdered. The evidence presently available *gives us no clue.*" With this denigrating comment, the author rejects the conclusions of the Swiss expert, and looks elsewhere for a vindication of the book's title.

He searches into the state of Hammarskjöld's mind prior to his departure for Ndola to meet Tshombe. The "mystery" becomes not what caused the crash, but what caused the trip. He suggests that the Secretary-General was subject to pressures he could not resist, particularly from the British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Lansdowne, with whom he met in Leopoldville prior to his departure for Ndola. No evidence supports such a suggestion of pressure. The author contends also that Hammarskjöld lacked the capacity to make necessary decisions, such as "to summon up air power." In fact, Hammarskjöld did exactly that before his departure. In Mr. Gavshon's terse summary: "The Secretary-General was lost."

Why, then, was he "lost"? Because, in Mr. Gavshon's estimation:

> Here was a moral man annihilating all he stood for by an act of conciliation that he must have realized could produce at best only a new compromise—and at worst his own surrender. . . . Some saw it as the behavior of a man grown careless of living because some central motif of life itself had been lost.

And what is the basis for such an imputation of a reckless, even suicidal, state of mind? The most cursory examination of the record shows no basis whatever.

At the invitation of Prime Minister Adoula, Hammarskjöld went to the Congo, shortly before the opening of the General Assembly, hoping to bring Adoula and Tshombe together, to conciliate the long-festering issue of Congo unity.

Upon reaching Accra en route to Leopoldville, he learned that fighting had erupted in Katanga when the U.N. forces sought to expel the mercenaries. This development made it all the more essential to pursue his original objective. He was hopeful of his ability to persuade Tshombe—who was known to have a high personal respect for the Secretary-General—to return to Leopoldville for conferences with Adoula.

There was no "mystery" in this;

(*Continued on page* 33)

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In Defense of the Genuine Conservative

A GREAT political tradition is in danger today of acute contamination through unsavory association. The tradition is conservatism, both political and economic. The contaminating agents are a wide assortment of persons and groups who have appropriated the label for uses totally alien to the historical development it represents. It is a clear case of ideological grand larceny and something ought to be done about it.

The term conservative has a specific background and meaning. It stands for stability as opposed to innovation; for restraint as opposed to daring; for the preservation of inherited conditions as opposed to drastic reform. These ideas are not only compatible with a free society; they have an essential place in it, along with genuine liberalism. True conservatism is opposed to liberalism, but not destructive of it. The principal difference between conservatism and liberalism is represented not so much by disagreement over the nature of a free society or its goals as by disagreement over the approaches. Both conservatism and liberalism serve as the twin structural supports of constitutional government.

In any event, there has sprung up over the past few years a strange array of noisy haters and spoilers who have arrogantly appointed themselves the standard bearers of the conservative banner. In thought and action they resemble far more a pack of political desperadoes than the inheritors of Gladstonian ideas and manners. They claim to be conservatives, but exactly what is it that they would conserve? Would they conserve the Constitution of the United States? Only if some major surgery could be performed, especially on the first ten amendments. Would they conserve the one institution that has been specifically charged with the responsibility to preserve a constitutional form of government; namely, the Supreme Court? Only if they could expunge some Supreme Court justices and decisions they happen to detest. Would they conserve the ideals that animated the men who founded this nation—ideals that have to do with the basic nature of free man and his place in a free society? Only if these ideals could be twisted into their direct opposites.

They presume to speak in the name of Christianity, many of them, but they use it as though it were a blowtorch for consuming the Christian spirit. In what they do and say, they hold the Sermon on the Mount in contempt; if someone were to recite these kindly teachings, they would see red. Faith, hope, and charity are replaced by scorn, hate, and malice, and the chalice is filled to overflowing with bile.

There is a disheveled quality to their thinking, but some of them are not without intellectual pretensions. They claim affinity with such figures as Edmund Burke, Jeremy Bentham, Lord Acton, Alexander Hamilton, and, more recently, Senator Robert A. Taft. But names such as these are the synthetic props of respectability rather than any valid philosophical or historical underpinning. When they intone the name of Burke, do they agree with him that "it is better to be the citizen of humble commonwealth in the Al[illegible] without a prospect of influence beyond the narrow frontier, than a subject of a superb aristocracy . . ."? Or that "government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these rights should be provided by this wisdom"?

Their particular animus is the word democracy. They believe that the United States is a republic and was never intended to be a democracy. But in this they are refuted by the one man in American history whom they claim as their progenitor, Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton did not hesitate to use the term "representative democracy." In fact, he described representative democracy, "where the right of election is well secured and regulated, and the exercise of the legislative, executive, and judiciary authorities is vested in select persons, chosen *really and not nominally by the people*" [italics ours] as that government that would "most likely be happy, regular, and durable."

And how do they reconcile their contempt for the term democracy with the statement by that prime figure of nineteenth-century English conservatism, Lord Randolph Churchill, that he d[illegible] not care if they called him a Tory [illegible] long as they also called him a democrat?

THEY claim Robert Taft as their patron saint, but they are lucky that he is not alive to tear himself loose from their unwanted affections. For Robert Taft was a genuine conservative. He may have had his foot closer to the political brakes of legislative progress than any man of his time, but at least he insisted on staying on the main road. He was not out to supplant democratic institutions, but to keep them free of overly centralized controls. Even here, however, he recognized that housing and education were national problems and had to be handled accordingly. There were few stronger voices on the issues of civil rights and racial equality. As it concerned the United Nations—an object of supreme contempt by those who now speak in his name—Senator Taft felt that what was needed was not weaker but stronger world organization. He believed in the need for world law and felt the United States should take leadership inside the United Nations in that direction. In fact, this was the central theme of his book on Americ[illegible] foreign policy.

Genuine conservatism is now being libeled by know-nothings. There is no reason to doubt that the tradition will survive the ordeal, but it may be unpleasant while it lasts. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AUTOMATION

VANNEVAR BUSH paints a rather rosy picture of the future social effects of automation [*SR*, Aug. 11]. As encouraging as this may be, it is worth-while to note that not all who have considered the problem have arrived at an equally sanguine projection. Donald N. Michaels, in "Cybernation: The Silent Conquest," a report prepared for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions of the Fund for the Republic, notes that the process of automation may ". . . pose unique problems for our society, challenging our basic values and the ways in which we express and enforce them."

To note, as Dr. Bush does, that automation decreases costs, thereby decreasing prices, thereby increasing sales, and that "More sales means more jobs," simply ignores workers in the meat and chemical industries, to cite only two more-or-less randomly chosen examples. Nor can one blandly assume that workers displaced by automation can be retrained and absorbed by the "service" occupations. As Michaels points out, automation carries with it the basis for the elimination, or drastic reduction, of service functions.

ROBERT M. KRAUSS.

Berkeley Heights, N.J.

I WAS SHOCKED to read Vannevar Bush's statement that automation increases jobs. What jobs has it created for the millions replaced by machines in agriculture? Or the oil-refining industry? Or steel? The list could be endless.

We cannot take the measures necessary to meet this great problem as long as American leaders refuse to acknowledge its existence. The only reason it is not critical now is because of the great numbers of persons in nonproductive defense work. The connection between the problem of automation and realistic planning for peace is obvious.

ARNOLD SCHLOSSBERG.

Roanoke, Va.

DR. BUSH STATES that "on an overall basis," automation creates jobs and points to the automobile industry as a good example. I don't believe that it is a good example. The automobile industry is an exception.

More typical of automation is its application to the less-glamorous manufacture of bricks. As an industrial engineer I have seen a work force of 110 men reduced to thirty-five by the introduction of automated equipment. This loss of jobs, by no stretch of imagination, could be compensated for by the number of workers required to build the automated equipment.

CHARLES E. HILL.

Waynesboro, Va.

THERE ARE SO MANY misguided statements regarding this subject that it is refreshing to read "Automation's Awkward Age," by Vannevar Bush. He has thrown a much needed ray of light on a matter that needs clarification insofar as the public is concerned.

FREDERIC SHERWIN HILL.

Marshfield, Mass.

"Two o'clock and all's well!"

LIKED BUT NOT UNDERSTOOD

THANKS FOR PRINTING Part III of Roethke's "The Longing" [*SR*, Aug. 11]. I don't understand the bloody thing, but for some reason or other I like it.

WILLIAM DAVIS.

New London, Conn.

OUR EXPANDING POPULATION

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In its issue of February 17, SR published the views of E. K. Fedorov, Secretary General of the USSR Academy of Sciences, on the expansion of the world's population. These views appeared with an accompanying statement by Harrison Brown, professor of biochemistry at the California Institute of Technology. Following is Academician Fedorov's response to the statement and a reply by Professor Brown.*

IT SEEMS TO ME that Professor Brown agrees that, despite limits to the natural resources on our planet, the possibilities of satisfying the fundamental needs of society (in energy, food, and materials) are increasing rather than diminishing all the time on a *per-capita* basis. There is no reason for expecting any diminution of these possibilities in the visible future. Thus there are, and have been, no grounds for considering the limits to our natural resources as a cause for any deficiency or misfortune in the life of mankind. In the remote future, the size of the earth may indeed prove to be the only restrictive factor. Whether it will really limit the growth of society or not will depend on the progress we make in mastering cosmic space. I agree with Professor Brown's opinion that, for the present, other planets are "uncomfortable," but even now new ideas for their reconstruction are being advanced. The possibilities mankind has to influence nature increase at a faster rate than man's numerical increase.

Professor Brown is right when he argues the importance of the present relation between resources, tempos of economic development, and the growth of population, particularly in the thickly populated and newly developing countries. He is, of course, also right in stating that, in order to improve the well-being of a people, the rate of economic development of a country—which, in my opinion, depends largely on its social-economic structure—should be higher than that of its growth in population. However, it must be noted that a more rational distribution of the present national income can also help in this.

But what can hinder the essential rise in the tempo of economic development? The example of the Soviet Union and a series of other countries—weakly developed in the past—demonstrates in practice how economic development can far outstrip in its tempo the growth of population.

Instead of turning his attention to this aspect of the matter, my respected oppo-

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nent stresses the necessity for limiting the quantitative growth of the population to keep it from exceeding the already established low rate of economic development. Here, in my opinion, he makes a completely incorrect statement to the effect that a *diminishing rate* in the growth of the population is equivalent to an *increased rate* in the development of an economy. The labor resources of the population are an essential and important element in the productive forces of society. Other conditions being equal, a numerically large population of one country or another favors an increase in the rate of its economic development. However, social-economic conditions are the most important factor. Thus, for example, China and India—both densely populated countries—had in the past attained a very high level of cultural and economic development for their time, but, finding themselves thereafter under colonial and semi-colonial dependence, they were thrown back among the number of retarded countries. Only after gaining their independence in our day have these countries begun to develop rapidly again. Besides this, there are the historical examples of a policy of "reducing the growth rate" of the indigenous population of certain countries as a result of wars and colonial annexations (for example, of the Indian tribes of America, the Australian aborigines, the Congolese during the period of Belgian supremacy in the Congo, and many others). Professor Brown might convince himself that this policy has never led to the improvement of the well-being of the remnant.

I also categorically reject Professor Brown's other proposition to the effect that the campaign to improve people's health and, in part, to liquidate the epidemics still rife in certain regions of the world can, without a corresponding reduction in the birth rate, lead to a catastrophe. Historical experience again teaches us that catastrophes have never come about as a result of any improvement in medical services or as a result of the numerical increase in the population. One must not be afraid of using all means to fulfill the noble task of improving people's health.

Neither natural resources nor this or that increase in population have ever hindered, nor do they now hinder, the raising of the living standard of human society. There have been other obstacles to this, such as outdated forms of social organization, the oppression of some peoples by others, the enrichment of certain countries at the expense of others. But always, sooner or later, each people has found strength to cast off an antiquated form of social organization as well as foreign invaders from its own shoulders, as, for example, the people of the USA did.

Let us wish that all may pass through this stage of development sooner rather than later.

E. K. Fedorov.

Moscow, USSR

In replying to E. K. Fedorov's letter concerning our earlier debate, I would like to refer to a phenomenon I have observed in scientific communities both in the USSR and the USA, in order to make one of my major points as clear as possible. The sizes of families of most scientific colleagues of my acquaintance in these nations are small. It is unreasonable to suppose that this is accidental. It is also unreasonable to suppose that it results entirely from their spending most of their time thinking about science.

In other words, I believe that these relatively small family sizes reflect conscious attempts on the part of the individuals involved to balance the sizes of their families against their personal visible resources. They rightfully want to provide adequately for their children. They also recognize that, although children are important, factors other than economic ones must be considered. To put it bluntly, I have yet to see the living-room walls of a single Soviet or American scientist's home lined with bunk-beds.

My Soviet colleagues could say, as does Academician Fedorov when discussing the world situation, that the *possibilities* of satisfying their fundamental family needs on a *per-capita* basis are increasing steadily. Yet, until the possibilities are transformed into reality, is it not wise to be cautious? And even were the wherewithal for feeding large numbers of children a reality, would we *really* want the walls of our living rooms covered with bunk-beds? I submit that men should behave as rationally about the sizes of their national families as they do about the sizes of their personal ones.

Academician Fedorov and I agree that the *possibilities* of satisfying the fundamental needs of society are increasing rapidly. It appears that one of our major areas of disagreement lies in our estimates of the ease or the difficulty of our transforming possibilities into probabilities and then into achievements. He stresses that this transformation is primarily a matter of social-economic structure and points to the remarkable achievements of the Soviet Union during the last half-century. I could also stress that it is primarily a matter of social-economic structure and point to the remarkable achievements in the United States, where we are producing far more food than we can handle ourselves.

But this kind of ideological argument does not get us very far, for the reason that, when it comes to the world's most critical problems of resources versus population, we are not talking about either the Soviet Union or the United States. We are talking about the vast areas of the world which possess high population density, low per-capita income, low per-capita food intake, high death rates, high birth rates, and often uncomfortably low quantities of readily available high-grade natural resources. I am confident that Academician Fedorov would agree that both the USSR and the USA were extremely fortunate, relative to most of these less-developed areas, when our respective nations started upon the long and difficult path leading toward industrialization. I am personally convinced that neither the approaches which were applied in his country, nor those which were applied in mine, are commensurate with the needs of the less-developed areas today, so drastically different are the new situations.

I object strenuously to the implication which can be read into the statement of my respected opponent that I am in favor of decreasing the rate of population growth without increasing the current low growth rates of industrial and agricultural development; that I am opposed to programs of improving people's health; that I favor colonialism. I repeat that I favor rapid and balanced development on all fronts, *coupled with* national and humane population policies, such as those which have emerged in Japan and in India, designed to slow the rate of population growth. I also favor doing this within the framework of a political and social structure which permits maximum freedom of choice on the part of the individual.

Academician Fedorov states categorically that catastrophes have never come about as a result of the numerical increase of population. I suggest that he study the background and history which led to the great famine in Ireland over a century ago. I doubt that any political-social-economic structure now known to man, including that in which my opponent lives, could have prevented the tragedy, so great were the forces of nature that were involved. Population growth coupled with ignorance, rather than an antiquated form of social organization were the prime contributors to the catastrophe.

Harrison Brown.

Pasadena, Calif.

STOMACHS AND CABBAGES

Three cheers for Mr. Ciardi and his campaign for parents to give straight answers to children about where they come from [*SR*, Aug. 4].

However, is Mr. Ciardi representing the facts when he tells Benn about "Mummy's *stomach*"? Could *SR*/Science report this remarkable information in a scientific article for the rest of us to learn about? (Some *stomachs* get all mixed up with "cabbages," you know.)

Mrs. Anne Jackson.

Washington, D.C.

Yes, Ginger, there is a cabbage head and a stork; and birds, bees, and a doctor's bag; and—a stomach!

No, Ginger, I don't know why your little playmates were not digested, nor pickled, nor preserved in alcohol, nor—stop right there, Ginger! When you are older, maybe. Then ask your papa.

Mildred Logan.

Cayucos, Calif.

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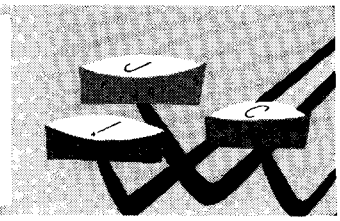
Manner of Speaking



IMPROVE YOUR MIND BETWEEN COMMERCIALS: There has been a lot of noise these days about the quality of TV programs and about the duty of the networks to provide better programs and thereby to improve the quality of something called "the public mind."

Now UHF (ultra-high frequency) is on its way and there is more talk about educational TV. I do not pretend to know what UHF will mean to TV and I am willing to be shown that educational TV can turn out a show that doesn't bore me stiff, but before public sanity is entirely lost in the course of this katzenjammer, let me enter a simple personal declaration: I have never yet turned on a TV set with the thought of improving my mind, or even of making contact with any persuasive part of the human mind. I have books for that. I turn on the set to be mindless for a while.

My wife is the family intellectual. She goes for the Easterns—those endless little yak-yak seminars of deep thinkers improvising the human intellect. Invariably I leave the room. When my turn comes I go straight for the stinkers: if it doesn't have a machine gun, a horse, or at least a mad bomber in it, I don't want it. I get my kicks out of quarterbacking the script writer and director to see how far beforehand I can guess the creakings of the plot. The whole process is about as mental as a monkey in a tree dropping coconuts on the safari, but every man has his own monkey and I enjoy exercising mine. Since I have no real chance of hiding him, and carrying off the pretense that he isn't there, I might as well let him out for a tree-top swing now and then.

At times, I confess, I am even surprised by a program that comes across as entertainment but manages to make a human point. For most of the past year I have been serving as the host of CBS-TV's Accent, a program with no fixed formula, but with a firm grasp of the fact that TV cannot afford to dabble in ideas unless it remembers to be entertainment first. It is time for me to bow out now and to get on with my own knitting, but let me pause in the doorway with my monkey on my back to say my thanks to Producer Don Kellerman for a fascinating year with his show, and to enter my admiration of his ability. Given men like Kellerman, TV will not run out of humanity.

The one hitch is that it takes money. In my opinion Accent has been a good series, but it has been constantly hobbled by lack of cash. I hope the series will go on, but if it does, I hope CBS will give it enough budget for it to have a real chance. Kellerman has a genius for pulling rabbits out of the hat under all but impossible conditions, but in TV the miracles are finally on the side where the cash is. Accent has had to turn in some limping shows from time to time, but in my experience there isn't one of them that could not have been pulled off flawlessly had the money been available.

ACCENT is not only a low-budget show; it is a "remote." A "remote" shoots on location with video-cruiser facilities, as distinct from a studio show that has the whole arsenal of New York's facilities available to it. Accent, moreover, is basically a pictorial essay show. It visits interesting places and takes you there while trying to bring in a thoughtful evaluation of what you are seeing. Because ideas must set their own terms, Accent has no formula: it tries to grapple with each new place-and-concept on its own terms. When it can, it tries to tie in its visit with some topical event. On the publication of the first six of the projected 100 volumes of the Adams papers, for example, Accent traveled to the Adams House in Quincy, Massachusetts, and brought in a camera report on the Adams House and the Adams family. Other shows have ranged from a visit to the Pueblo of Taos to a half-hour session on poetry with third-grade children in Farmingdale, Long Island. (The last, as a matter of fact, turned out to be my favorite show of them all.)

But in addition to working on a low budget and with mostly on-location facilities, Accent has a further problem. It must bring on camera guest experts who can speak for the subject of each show. If the guest happens to "come on strong" all goes well. But what if he freezes on camera? Or what if, even more exasperatingly, he takes one line of approach when you talk to him before the show, and an opposite line when he comes on camera? My wildest experience of this sort came when I was rounding up interviews with longtime gamblers as part of a show on Harold's Club in Reno ("The Gambling American"). Before we went on camera most of the people lined up for interviews were rueful about how much they had lost over the years, but once on camera my losers all decided they were ahead of the game, or at least even. A little wise (and painful) editing can fix some of this kind of thing. But video tape, unlike movie film, is not easy to snip and patch. In the end you have to go with what you got because you haven't money enough in the budget to stay with it longer. And even if you end up with a bit of a clinker, you have to let it go on the air because it represents so large a chunk of your available cash.

The "remote," then, especially when it has to depend on nonprofessional guests, is chancy. Add, too, that wind, rain, or light conditions come as they will, but that the overhead charges run on by the hour. A rain squall held up the shooting of a section of a show we did on the Aspen music festival. As luck would have it, that was the section for which the show had had to hire the whole Aspen Symphony Orchestra. But down beat the rain on the canvas of the huge Aspen tent while the orchestra sat around picking up overtime charges that ran to something like $1,000 an hour. And add again that even the simplest show has already run up a heavy investment by the time you get to location. Long conferences for the purpose of choosing program ideas have preceded it, a scout has been sent ahead to look over the ground and to line up guests, a technical survey has been run and a research staff has been at work, local recording facilities have been contracted for, a script has at least been roughed out, and a production crew (as distinct from a technical crew) of something like ten people has had to be flown out, housed, and briefed. You can never be certain what you are going to get, but you know you are committed to whatever it is. The budget leaves no other choice.

In any case, my ten months with Accent leave me convinced that it is one of the few kinds of shows, aside from straight news reports, that can leave some sort of mentality on the screen without foregoing essential entertainment value. If CBS wants it to be as good as it can be, the network has only to put up the cash for it. I make this report disinterestedly, for after I clear up one or two commitments, I leave TV behind and go back to Dante to finish my translation of the "Divine Comedy."

—JOHN CIARDI.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The King of Panache & Mr. Macbeth

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

WHAT is the best performance Christopher Plummer ever gave? His 1957 "Hamlet," which Tyrone Guthrie has called the best of this era? His 1958 Benedick, in which he first learned to trust his own talent completely? His King Henry in "Becket," which won the prize as the best performance of the past London season? Or his unorthodox Macbeth, which he finds the most challenging of any portrayal he has yet attempted?

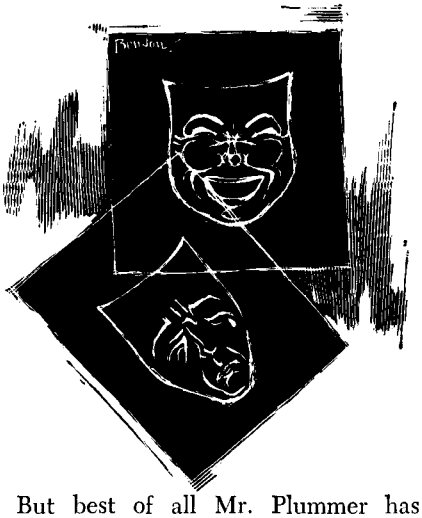
Paradoxically it is none of these, but his "**Cyrano de Bergerac,**" which was put together comparatively quickly and is for him "a breeze." This performance appears—as clear as the nose on his face—superior to all the others. It is the best partly because this great actor's natural facility—so often inimical to roles that require intense commitment — is here essential to Rostand's quick-witted and dextrous hero. But, even more important, Cyrano seems to allow Mr. Plummer to relate many many lines and situations to his own world of experience.

This production, adapted and directed by Michael Langham, makes an impossibly romantic play convincing and moving by fighting its sentimentality with humor. Also, Cyrano is painted not as a noble heart suffering a great unrequited love, but as a man who cherishes elegance, wit, and the *idea* of love so much that, although his life turns out a great failure in the sense that he never achieves the things he deserves and wants, his panache constitutes a magnificent thumbing of the nose at mortality.

Here the famous first-act duel is played not simply as a theatrical stunt, but rather to reveal to us that for Cyrano the physical task of dueling is a trifle as compared with the mental task of inventing a sonnet as he goes along. It is the world of imagination and sensibility that this Cyrano treasures. Thus, when his opponent attempts stealthily to kill him while he stands composing with his back turned, Cyrano's deft turn to knock the sword from his opponent's hand just in time is breathtakingly theatrical, yet quintessential of this Cyrano and his governing sense of values. He is treating a mortal physical danger with the scornful ease of someone who understands that man's struggle with the real world is a comic business.

And as a comedian, Mr. Plummer gives it welcome. Using his unique ability to go abruptly from internal vulnerability to outrageous clowning without breaking the character's identity, Mr. Plummer has a field day when he is generating "the action." Perhaps his funniest moment comes when, after Christian has failed dismally at wooing Roxane on his own, Mr. Plummer tiptoes up to him and shakes his hand in mock-congratulatory hilarity.

While one-half of Cyrano is his ability to have fun with what the world takes seriously, Mr. Plummer is equally remarkable at creating the inner side of Cyrano's nature. Although Cyrano's oversized nose gives him a grotesque appearance, Mr. Plummer shows us a man who still dares to hope that Roxane will return his love. When he hears that she turned pale during his duel, Mr. Plummer tremblingly asks, "Pale?" and we see a flash of desperate hope in his eyes. A little later he makes poignant the hurt of rejection in a conversation with Toby Robins, who plays Roxane, in which they recall their friendship as children, before "adult" realities intruded on fairy-tale imagination.



But best of all Mr. Plummer has made the final hopelessly romantic death scene work by resisting its sentiment, by meeting death with a certain gaiety, and by arriving at some rather tough-minded assessments of his life as one in which he was all things—and all in vain. But he smiles as he recalls that he has reached the end of life with one virtue unspotted, his "panache." While the tone is light and unself-pitying, we weep just as helplessly as our grandfathers did at performances we would find ridiculous.

Mr. Plummer is beautifully supported by the entire cast. Desmond Heeley and Tanya Moiseiwitsch have collaborated to create costumes that are gorgeous and thus set off a Cyrano dressed simply in black. And Mr. Langham again proves that in his experienced hands this open stage is the finest in the world for creating the utmost imaginative bond between the actor and the audience.

Nothing becomes Peter Coe's novel production of "**Macbeth**" like the beginning of it. Three mud-caked hags are discovered dragging the body of a wounded soldier across the stage to despoil it, and at once the horror of humanity at its worst and the real barbarity of eleventh-century Scotland are created. Good, too, is our first glimpse of Macbeth, portrayed by Mr. Plummer as a laughing young man who dismisses the witches' predictions as ridiculous, but finds himself infected with their promises. And one can almost admire the complete rupture of the play's formality to turn imposing characters into ragged peasants with real daily lives. A MacDuff who lugs his saddle over one shoulder, a Lady Macbeth with a milk pail and churn, and a King of Scotland who personally dishes out the soup to his dinner guests all have the intention of bringing the play closer to life as we know it.

Where this production commences to go askew is at the point of Macbeth's return to his castle in a state of hysterical fear about the magnitude of this whole project. He falls whimpering to his knees to seek his wife's motherly reassurances. Here Mr. Plummer is showing us the inside view of a Hitler-like character whom we never see become imperial. Macbeth's fears are *more* than horrible imaginings.

But don't the interesting revelations about Macbeth come out of the contrast between his formal strength as a general and king, and his private sickness of mind and soul? It is his external strength that grows with evil, at the expense of his internal peace. Admittedly Mr. Plummer's daringly original performance has its moments of genuine excitement and psychological truth, and when Seyton tells him that his armor is not needed yet, the actor's kindly overruling of his servant with a smiling "I'll put it on" is memorable and amusing Plummer. But one wishes there were more shape to this splendid actor's daring, so that even if this diary of a coward were a violation of Shakespeare's intention, there would be fulfilled the intention of Plummer and Coe. As it stands it is a moment-by-moment portrait of a character responding to an assortment of private ideas and feelings. This is constantly interesting but cumulatively frustrating. —HENRY HEWES.

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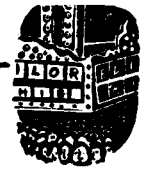

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Bad Ones

THE PORTABLE 35-mm. camera (it can literally be hand held) has, during the past few years, been helping the independently minded film maker to move into the feature area, without the heavy financing that normally would be necessary, since the portable camera eliminates the need for a large and costly crew.

The use of this camera has sometimes been to the good, sometimes to the bad. As an example of the former, Stanley Kubrick, when he made his low budget "The Killing," was able to flesh out his film by going directly to a race track and capturing, in a minimum of time, some superior and exciting footage, and gaining, too, the advantage of realism. But now, in **"The Small Hours,"** we have a case that might well dampen the enthusiasm of those who assume that the off-the-cuff, or so-called improvisational movie has limitless possibilities.

Norman C. Chaitin, the writer, producer, and director of "The Small Hours," has used a few New York settings as background for a decidedly inept study of an advertising executive who, in twelve hours, moves through what we can assume is a crisis in his life – although it is not made clear what, exactly, is giving him the jitters. Even less clear, technically speaking, is the camera. It focuses in wobbly fashion on a group of creepy aspirants to Bohemianism, mainly in a tacky Greenwich Village apartment (tacky apartments are the fashion among members of the New York New Wave), during a party attended by the moody advertising chap. The people of the party would like to make love, but can't; they'd like to make movies, but can't, since Sam Goldwyn (who, by the way, has just reached his eightieth birthday) is unreachable.

Mr. Chaitin has them express themselves in some of the most doleful and foolish dialogue ever recorded on a wild track. I had thought that Rick Carrier's "Strangers in the City" was the most genuinely bad movie in recent memory, but Norman C. Chaitin has done something even worse. He has found no reason for our being remotely interested in his people, and either the actors who play them are off form, or Mr. Chaitin hasn't directed them well.

Then, all during what might be called the inaction, the unsteady camera produces on the screen an effect that, in my case, led to a curiously seasick-like sensation. Those who contemplate seeing the movie might try some Dramamine beforehand.

And, from abroad, the new filmmakers come apace. Jean-Gabriel Albicocco is an obviously gifted Frenchman, only twenty-five years old, whose first feature is based on the Balzac story, **"The Girl with the Golden Eyes."** He hasn't succeeded in making a satisfactory modern equivalent of this tale of perversity in Paris, but he does assume that lighting is the key element in accomplished photography, and he has achieved some very unusual effects. He has not, however, been able to convey much meaning through the eerie atmospheres he establishes.

The striking Marie Laforêt (of "Purple Noon" fame) plays the girl with the golden eyes—or black in white eyes, in this movie—who falls under the influence of a lesbian Paris fashion designer, and then becomes banefully attracted to an egotistic photographer. An unwilling romance ensues, but visual intensity is not enough to capture the lushly romantic mood Albicocco seems to be seeking. And, when he wanders into fantasy—such as having doves appear from nowhere in one bedroom episode—he only makes his updated Balzac preposterous and, I'm afraid, pretentious.

While restlessness and revolt characterize the younger movements, there are those in Hollywood who prefer to follow long-trodden paths. Their chief prophet is Ross Hunter, a Universal producer who has placed Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin together in a purported comedy, **"If a Man Answers."** In horrid color, this lame effort shows a marriage-hungry teen-ager persuading a young calendar photographer into marriage, chiefly through persistence and posing him in abbreviated costume. Next, she bravely faces the problem of making the marriage "work," and in this is aided by her mother (Micheline Presle), who suggests she train her husband exactly as she would train a dog. Having been trained like a dog, Mr. Darin breaks loose from his prettily decorated kennel, and is eventually recaptured through another series of wiles. There is an ugly concept behind this kind of plot structure, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Darin has the charm to make it palatable. The movie does, though, have the virtue of remaining continually in focus.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Growing Better Pain

PERHAPS the saddest of the network program-sales executives lunching along Madison Avenue as the summer hiatus ends are those with new television programs for children in their portfolios. These are the men who, last June, launched a hopeful crusade for juvenile uplift. They proposed to offer sponsors during the coming season a variety of "culture with fun" programs for the nation's youth such as the medium had never seen. They would light candles that would, to quote Chairman Minow, "take our children out of darkness"! They would blunt the spears of irate mothers and ministers fighting in the wasteland for the nurture of the whole child! The prospect, as one trade journal put it, was for a cultural rash of epidemic proportions"—at least two-dozen new series for that part of the TV audience from seven to eighteen years of age. The programs would consist of documentaries, variety-entertainments, and instruction shows; the areas of interest would range from history, science, literature, art, religion, mathematics, and geography to music and drama.

How this prospect has fared can be gathered from the comments of a friend I talked with recently. He works for one of the networks and believes devoutly that television programming can be both better and profitable. So, at the beginning of the summer, he had eagerly accepted an assignment to sell an expensive, well-publicized children's program package. But when I saw him last, he was discouraged. The show was only 50 per cent sold, he reported. Moreover, his network would lose money on it even if it were 100 per cent sold for the entire season.

Some specifics of his experience are both instructive and ironic. Problem No. 1 in selling his package was getting "clearance"—that is, the agreement of the stations affiliated with his network to carry the program. Here the general reaction was: "Good luck. Count me out. The show will be a bomb. And even if I carried it, I wouldn't put it in a good time period. If I wanted to put a kid show in a good period, I'd produce my own local show and make more money on it because it wouldn't be educational."

My friend elaborated the economics: "Let's say a station's network rate is $600 for a half-hour. The affiliate would get 30 per cent for carrying this network show, or $180. But for only $100 he could produce his own show locally; if he sold five commercial minutes of that show per day at $100 each, he'd gross $500, and net $425. Thus the profit on his own show would be $325 per day as against $180 for the network show."

Problem No. 2, the sales executive continued, was resistance at the advertising agencies. Although most representatives of the sponsor applaud network efforts to upgrade children's programs, they still would rather wait and see what the ratings are before advising their clients to buy. They tell the network salesman to go to the client and sell *him*. They'll wait on the sidelines.

"But," I asked my friend, "you say you're 50 per cent sold out; how did you manage it?"

"You beat your head against the wall," he explained, "until you do it—often by using arm-twisting tactics. The easiest arms to twist, of course, are those of each network's five owned and operated stations. But then there are the affiliates. For them, there is a network vice-president who gets on the phone. 'I'd like you to clear this program,' he says to the affiliate. 'But it will die,' the other fellow says. 'I'll personally appreciate it if you carry the program,' the vice-president tells the affiliate, after which he mentions our network's top action-adventure series. Then the affiliate gets the idea. He knows that if he wants to carry the big shoot-em-up show next season, he'd better take the juvenile do-gooder. There are other ways of doing it, too—deals, discounts."

"What about the sponsors?" I asked. "How do you get them to buy in on the program?"

My friend cited one example, one of the bigger advertising agencies. "This company has a special interest in an old adventure rerun series. They want us to program it on our network. We don't need it, but we take it—and he takes a minute of our children's educational program. That's one way. There are others."

My friend was quick to add that there are affiliates who willingly cleared his children's program and that some sponsors and agencies have bought into it because "they are good persons—citizens and fathers with a sense of responsibility. Unfortunately, they are a minority."—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Fiesta in the Bowl

LOS ANGELES.

FOR a dance attraction to succeed in the Hollywood Bowl means either that it has extremely high pressure in its mode of performance, or no pressure at all. By definition, the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico conforms to the latter category, and its American debut in mid-August (to be followed by an appearance at the Seattle World's Fair en route to New York's City Center for a September opening) succeeded not so much by what it imposed on the audience in the way of impact but by what it attracted, in attention, through magnetism, charm, and sheer high spirit.

In totality, the company headed by Amalia Hernandez has a history of a decade since she left off work as professor of modern dance at the Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes in Mexico City to compose extended works on folk themes utilizing a nucleus of eight students. But it unquestionably received an enormous impulse from the success of the Moiseyev and other folk dance troupes which have appeared in her country as well as ours. It had its first important non-Mexican recognition at the Paris Festival of Nations in May, 1961, and its first widely dispersed American publicity a few months ago when it performed before President Kennedy and his party during their visit to Mexico City in June of this year.

So much for history. What of performance? Well, that is deeply related to history, also. What makes the Folklorico unique is its access to mingled strains of Indian and Spanish, rural and urban life. This permeates not only the dance themes and their utilization by Mme. Hernandez but also the kinds of music employed and the range of costuming. If the visual element reminds one of the best in the graphic arts of Mexico we know so well, the music ranges widely from the original to the aboriginal into areas known, if at all, only to specialists. Among its timbres are the pipes and percussion of the Indians, the mingled brass and strings of the strolling Mariachis (the solid bass is provided by an oversized guitar called *el guitorron*), and the resonant thrum of the Veracruzanos, whose Consunto includes an undersized portable harp for high-range effects.

Fortunately there is not too much hybridization in the treatment of the dance themes and their musical materials. The movements and the matching music of the opening "Los Hijos del Sol" ("Children of the Sun"), derived from Aztec rituals, are kept within sharply defined conformity to the spirit if not the letter of its antecedents (which, by now, may well have vanished entirely). The movements of the mourning for the death of Ahuizotl are slow and stately, the dances honoring the succession of Montezuma, who came after him, animated and jubilating. Aided no little by the Bowl's monster amplifying system, the sound of flute, gourd, and percussion, punctuated now and then by a throaty blast on a conch shell, floated clear and free over the Hollywood hills.

In the dances that succeeded, whether the gay and lively "Sones Antiguos de Michoacan" ("Old Michoacan Dances") or the sequence of songs and dances derived from the Revolution of 1910, or the duel between a bridegroom and his bride's rejected suitor during a wedding ceremonial of the Huasteca region, the company of thirty-odd enchanted the observer with their vivacity and good looks. Obviously these young men and women have been selectively screened to bring together the lithest girls and the slenderest men that the dancing community of Mexico provides. As, by tradition, all Mexicans (whether lithe or tall or not) dance, this means that a considerable group has been fine-combed to match good looks with talent in proportions that create a magnetic field between performers and spectators.

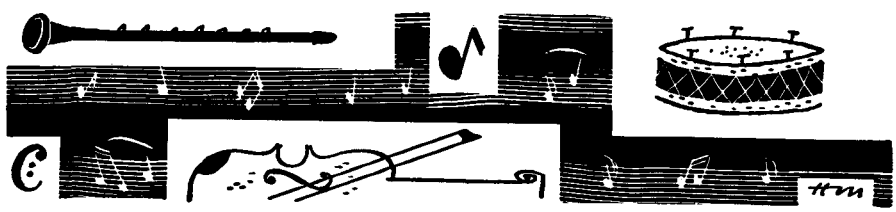
True, the steps after a while tend to revert to similar-seeming alternations of hopping and skipping, heel beats (derived from the Spanish *Zapateado*), and cross-footed kicks with arms clasped behind back. There is always the danger, in sophisticating the unsophisticated, of making the artless into the arty—even worse, of substituting artifice for the naturalistic and genuine. Mme. Hernandez has avoided the snare of overelaboration, but sometimes she has left us suspended between the desirably simple and the vapid formula-filling of the revue sketch.

What is most lacking in the Ballet Folklorico's repertory as seen here at the Bowl is, in a word, characterization. Everything casts a pleasant glow of entertainment, but nothing strikes very much below the surface to a core of meaning revealingly Mexican. The men with the machetes came closest to it in the first portion of the program, but even their ringing sword play never left much doubt about the outcome. This is not to say, in the interests of dramatic structure, that such doubt should hang in the balance. But it would heighten interest, and provide a tension otherwise lacking, if this encounter had a cross current of such possibility—if, in a word, it was not so evident from the start that the bride had chosen at least the luckier if not the braver of her suitors.

Leaving the least to the last is common reportorial procedure, but not in this instance. Easily the most imposing attribute of the Folklorico is its costuming which, whether elaborate or simple, rural or urban, is the personification of the festive—or, more nationalistically, of the Fiesta. It is attributed to Dasha who should, at least, have a longer list of syllables to match the dazzling abundance of the spectacle for which she is responsible.

One could hardly work in the Mexican latitudes without colorful consequences, but each of the dances is superbly stylized, from headdress to foot wear, whatever the region or the historical context. Could the legendary Aztecs really have worn such headdresses as the men of the Folklorico do in "Los Hijos del Sol"? Possibly—but Dasha adds a touch of artistry by blending this conception as tastefully with those of the other participants as she does in the more subdued range of "La Revolucion" or the bright, airy ensemble of the wedding dance.

The Folklorico, then, is something to be seen—probably to better advantage almost anywhere else than in the Bowl. Here the dancers were clearly working beyond the immediate spectators to the distant ones ranging up the hillside, to air and space which tend to dissipate rather than confine, with more intimacy among the closely packed observers than with what they were observing. For all these and other shortcomings, the Folklorico represents a far more intelligent effort to produce something worth-while from native materials than has yet been undertaken north of the Rio Grande. —IRVING KOLODIN.



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Where the Bells Toiled

SYDNEY, Nova Scotia, where the plane lands if you're coming to Cape Breton Island, is not exactly a tourist dell, and I would, I'm sure, be risking an eventual public lynching were I to urge you to dally there to visit the local coal mines. When I arrived in Sydney late one afternoon this summer, preparatory to making a land cruise around the Cabot Trail, I was at some pains to blow the town as fast as a hood who had just heisted the local bank. It took some urging to convince my companion, who had been assigned to convey me about Cape Breton, that my idea was sound. He, after all, by free and public choice, had elected to live there. But despite the late hour we set about the involved roads that lead around the fringes of Sydney Harbor and were shortly whistling over bridges and along turnpikes criss-crossing one moonlit-washed body of water after another all of which, it turned out, seemed to be a part of Bras d'Or Lake. Although the finer nuances of the Cape Breton pronunciation escaped me at first—they say bra-DOOR—it finally dawned on me that it was a relic of French influence. The French, after all, had held the fortress at nearby Louisburg until it was taken by Wolfe in an action referred to as the Dunkirk of America. The King's best French has been suffering something of a Dunkirk, too. In all these years it had never occurred to me that the Gauls were also responsible for "Labrador," probably a corruption of the same general idea.

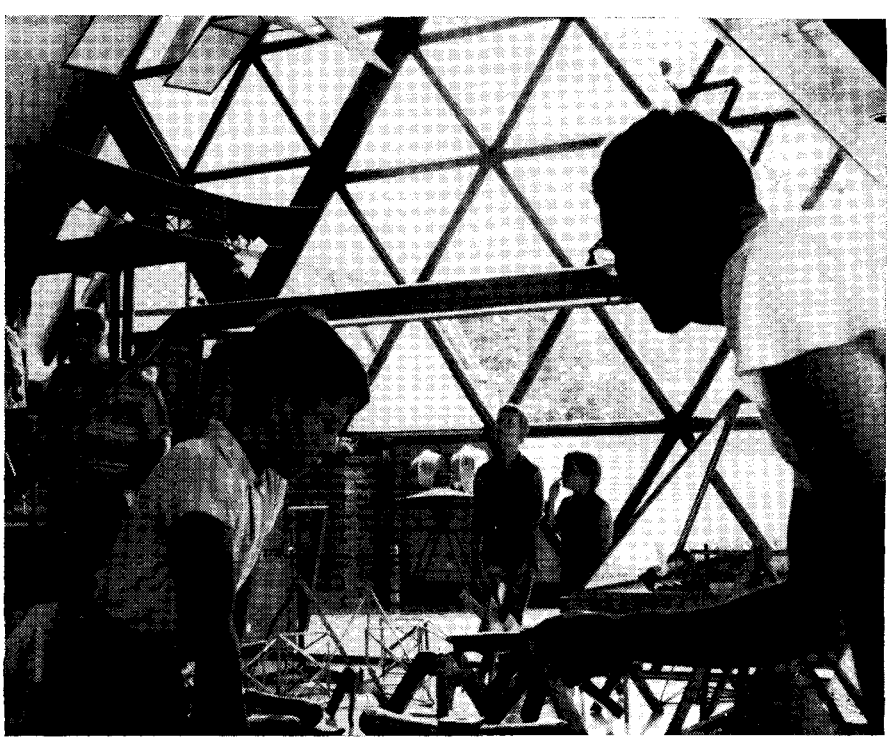
Leaving these French fantasies in the moonlight, we passed into the heart of the Scottish lands, running through the twin towns known, pleasantly enough, as South and North St. Ann's Gut. St. Ann's is famous as the fountainhead of Gaelic culture, being the seat of St. Ann's Gaelic college, or as it is more formally known, The Gaelic College of Celtic Folk Arts and Highland Home Crafts, an institute of specialized learning that deals in such subjects as piping, highland dancing, and the Gaelic language. We found 120 students registered this summer, most of them children, and about 10 per cent of them from the United States. Despite the encouragement of TGCCFAHHC, whose initials, for all I know, are as famous to the Scots as UCLA is to native Californians, Gaelic conversations are diminishing. Twenty-three years ago 30,000 people were speaking Gaelic in Nova Scotia, whereas now only 7,000 or 8,000 make the effort. Part of the problem may lie in the sheer difficulty of the language. The most partisan Scot could scarcely expect Nova Scotia to put up its signs in two languages as is done in Quebec.

I did manage to get my hands on a small phrase book available in the neighborhoods, and I hasten to give you an idea of what it is like. An Englishman might say, "Thank you, my little laddie." Well that would come out, *"Tapadh leat! mo ghille beag,"* which would be said, *"tapu lat mo ghelu beyg."* Or take an expression such as "I am going to ride." In Gaelic it would be written, *"Tha mi dol a mharcachd."* The phrase book suggests that the pronunciation for that would be, *"ha me dol u varkaxk."* Which is maybe why Gaelic is not in more popular usage hereabouts.

IT was only twelve miles farther on to the pleasant town of Baddeck, whose Scottish aspects had attracted one of the greatest expatriate Scots of our time, Alexander Graham Bell. A native of Edinburgh, Bell and his two brothers worked with their father in Visible Speech, a system devised by the elder Bell for teaching deaf children how to talk. Suddenly his two brothers were stricken with tuberculosis and died, and Bell's father decided to remove the family to Canada where he expected to find a more healthful atmosphere.

By 1871 both Bells were teaching the deaf at Boston. One of Alexander Graham's pupils was Mabel Hubbard, whose father was a rich Boston lawyer. She had been deafened by a childhood siege of scarlet fever. Bell not only aided Mabel in her search for speech, but backed by her father, he continued his research on the telephone, and took out a patent on the machine in 1876. He was twenty-nine. A year later he and Mabel were married. They moved to Washington, but the summers were hot, and ten years after the telephone's invention he came to Baddeck to spend the summer. Canada was the land of his youth and Scotland the land of his birth. Baddeck seemed to be a proper distillation of both, so he bought a wooded peninsula and on it planted a big rambling house. He called it Beinn Bhreagh, which is what true Scots say when they mean "Beautiful Mountain," and it stands to this day and is still used by the family.

In the winter they were in Washington, but from April to October the Bells were at Beinn Bhreagh. It was here in the good weather months that he did his field work, completing an enormous range of experiments that seem startlingly advanced and perceptive when viewed today. Notes, models, and memorabilia are housed in a stunning building in Baddeck built in the tetrahedral



—Canadian Government Travel Bureau.

The Alexander Graham Bell Museum—"startlingly advanced."

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motif with which Bell was so occupied.

The tetrahedral cell was incorporated into a long series of kites inspired by Bell's long interest in aerial locomotion, which even predated his invention of the telephone. Some of the models hang from the ceiling of the Alexander Graham Bell Museum, forming a repetitive design against triangular windows that look across the waters of the Bras d'Or. Here, one day in 1907, Bell trotted out a giant kite called the Cygnet. It had over 3,000 triangular cells, and it carried a pilot who rode prone. A barge towed it across the waters and it rose, carrying Lt. Thomas Selfridge 168 feet into the air. When the craft descended to the water, the crewmen on the barge were so unstrung by the sight of the flying man they forgot to unhook the tow rope and Cygnet was ruined.

Selfridge was saved, and with several other young men—John A. D. McCurdy, F. W. Baldwin, and a motorcycle manufacturer named Glenn Curtiss—they formed the Aerial Experiment Association. It had been Mabel's idea and she backed it. In March of 1908 Baldwin flew 319 feet, the first British subject and the seventh man to fly. Movable ailerons and a tricycle landing gear were two innovations, and both were incorporated in the June Bug which was piloted by Glenn Curtiss. He won the Scientific American trophy for flying the first measured kilometer in a heavier than air machine. Later they put pontoons on the June Bug and renamed her the Loon; she became the first plane in history to use pontoons. All the powered flights had taken place in the United States. But when they created the Silver Dart and McCurdy flew it for half a mile thirty feet in the air over Baddeck Bay, the first British subject in Canada and the Empire was at last air-borne.

Bell's experiments ranged into every field of invention. Thirty-nine years before the iron lung he produced a vacuum jacket which would force a premature baby or a drowned person to breathe. He devised an early form of snorkel and wondered in a letter to a friend in 1903 why it wouldn't be possible to seal a tiny fragment of radium in a "fine glass tube" and place it in the very heart of a cancerous growth, a system of treatment that was soon widely used in cancer cases.

When President Garfield was shot in 1881, Bell came up with an involved piece of apparatus using an induction balance, a clock, and a telephone. Bell's method called for the clock to tick into the telephone when a needle was placed near the bullet. The Garfield experiment failed because the hospital attendants, contrary to instructions, had

(*Continued on page* 48)

WHERE DO EUROPEANS GO FOR THEIR VACATION?

To a cultivated European, superb food, excellent service, exciting cities, great works of art are part of his way of life—they are to be found all over Europe. If that was all he wanted from a vacation, he probably could stay home. But he doesn't stay home. He takes vacations—and often in Switzerland.

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FICTION

Anatomy of Anguish

"Diamond," by Brian Glanville *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 441 pp. $5.50), portrays a battle of generations among the members of a middle-class Jewish family in London. Eugene Goodheart has joined the faculty of the University of Chicago as an assistant professor of English.*

By EUGENE GOODHEART

BRIAN GLANVILLE is no English Saul Bellow or Bernard Malamud. "Diamond," a novel about a middle-class London Jewish family, possesses neither a distinctive personal voice nor the extraordinary qualities of fantasy and rhetoric that mark the work of Glanville's American contemporaries. And yet the novel moves us by its honesty, its truth, its pitilessly direct presentation of middle-class Jewish life. Before long, the reader is aware that the author has caught hold of the peculiar hysterical quality of that life, and the hold is so tenacious that one's suspicion that this is another documentary disguised as a novel gives way finally to admiration for something that resembles more an obsessive vision of life.

Dr. Jack Diamond, an Irish Jew, moves to London and marries Dolly Ruben, who comes from a Cockney Jewish family of North London. We are given a series of portraits of the members of the two families: the Diamonds, romantic, adventurous, a volatile mixture of Jewish intensity and Irish high spirits; the Rubens, ambitious for the good things of life in the manner of the urban lower middle class.

The novel's main burden generally is the battle of generations between the Diamonds and their children, Michael and Gillian. Dolly emerges as a hysterically compulsive matron, driven by a need to govern the lives of her son and daughter. Jack, generous and courageous if somewhat insular and bigoted, is drained of his energies by the need to appease his wife and to win respect for her from his recalcitrant children. Michael, who sees through his mother, spends his life in a series of "flawed successes"; he is a gifted cartoonist discovering caricature everywhere in life and pathetically unable to love. Gillian, desperate and graceless, marries a gentile medical student, a homely, laconic son of a postman. At the end of the novel, Jack Diamond is dying of leukemia, Dolly is hysterically and histrionically dramatizing her suffering, Gillian is vainly trying to console both mother and father, and Michael turns away in contempt from his mother and makes a moving gesture of love toward his father.

Glanville spares no detail in giving us the anatomy of the anguish and melancholy of both Diamonds and Rubens. And, like Philip Roth, he is interested in the class attitudes of his characters, both urban and suburban. There is curiously little of London that comes across to the reader; indeed, except for minor differences of idiom and place, very little distinguishes the Diamonds from their New York counterparts. The shock of recognition is very strong.

Brian Glanville—"unmistakably authentic."

I don't wish to make extravagant claims for this book. It is not a major work of imagination. Its inventiveness, rhetoric, and even its wisdom are limited. But it is at the same time an unmistakably authentic and immensely moving book: life has been felt, seen, and truthfully rendered.

Half Child, All Genius

"Charles," by Victoria Lincoln *(Little, Brown. 438 pp. $5.75), riffles through the innumerable incidents in Dickens's life for the meaningful episodes and relationships. Lillian Smith has long been a devotee of the Victorian novelist.*

By LILLIAN SMITH

NOW AND then you pick up a book that delights you from its first page. Afterward you don't feel that you have been purged or lifted up by greatness; you simply feel you have had an extraordinarily pleasant evening. Victoria Lincoln will give anyone who reads "Charles" this not-easy-to-come-by experience.

It is all right for the publishers to call "Charles" a biographical novel; it is difficult, heaven knows, to fit an unusual book into the usual categories. But, to me, "Charles" is a conducted tour through the intimate and public life and times of one of the most absurd and interesting of men. That he was also the most popular good novelist who ever lived adds a special interest to all that she tells us.

I have recently read quite a number of biographies of Charles Dickens, all of which held my attention, for the man is impossible to make dull. I am, therefore, respectful of Miss Lincoln's virtuosity as she riffles through the days and years of Dickens's life and the ten thousand incidents and hundreds of friends, setting aside the insignificant in order to make of a few episodes, a few relationships, a few crises, a meaningful and true pattern. As she tells us, often with wit, always with intelligence, about this man who somehow pulled her straight into his spider web by his irresistible charm, the reader begins to see the shape of a strange and sad and utterly hilarious life. One of his daughters said of him, "Papa was a wonderful man but he was not a good man." Charles, I am sure would have pulled her hair, kissed her, and fully agreed.

Those in the writing trade cannot fail to be absorbed by the novelist's struggles with his publishers for his share of the pie; and for the stubbornly courageous fight he made for

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authors' rights and for an international copyright agreement. And there is the Charles who fought for the poor and for all children and who, while cutting upper-class complacency into shreds as he worked for child education and labor laws and better housing, was also a snob of snobs.

It is not easy to find the essential Charles. He was sweetly warm, generous, brilliant, shrewdly practical, and down to earth; he had a fine flair for publicity for himself and often for others; he was half child and all genius, capable of enchanting talk and crude encounters; he was naïve and rude and gauche, and yet he won the friendship of kings and queens and great writers and artists and actors who felt Charles was beyond categories.

Of course, Victoria Lincoln, with her superb knowledge of women, could not resist a few bedroom scenes; and I must say they are funny. The Dickenses' Victorian honeymoon, written about with good taste and twinkles, is memorable.

Lacking the power of self-criticism, shying away from analysis of his words and acts, Dickens nevertheless knew everything about himself; and out of the conflicting fragments of his own personality he created a thousand creatures. Perhaps the time has come for us to rediscover Dickens. Most of us read him when we were twelve or fourteen years old. We missed his brilliant humor (while enjoying his plots and ebullience) and felt only dimly his amazing knowledge of people. His demiurgic power to create living characters we, in our innocence, took for granted. His faith in the human race's ability to do whatever needed to be done seemed a natural thing in those distant days.

I recommend this book for a most pleasant way to meet a great author who still has much to say to our nail-chewing age.

Victoria Lincoln—"a special interest."

Music from Within

***"Jeeney Ray," by Iris Dornfeld** (Viking. 188 pp. $3.50), a first novel, is the story of a handicapped girl and her terrifying encounters with a world that mistakes her for a mental defective. Aileen Pippett's appraisals of current fiction appear frequently in Saturday Review.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

EVERY memorable novel has its distinctive tone. This one sings. Yet the characters are mostly brutal, ignorant, or depraved, their language is coarse and their actions are in keeping. Nature pleaseth, in Northern California, but man is frequently vile. Against a murky background Jeeney Ray herself shines like a star.

The story opens with Jeeney as a child in a lonely farmhouse at the deathbed of her grandmother, the one person who insists she is not a half-wit. To everyone else she is a slobbering idiot, unable to walk, talk, or eat properly, given to mad rages, a creature who would better not have been born. Her brother, Zeke, shares this opinion but is fiercely protective. His gay, tempestuous wife, Zelda, discerns the love behind his outbursts of fury when she finds the child amusing and companionable.

Jeeney's first encounter with the outer world ends disastrously: one day at school blasts her hopes of acceptance as a full member of the human race. The next encounter, some years later, is even more horrifying but lasts longer. Working as a drudge in a disreputable hotel near the railroad yards, she meets a choice collection of drunks, prostitutes, and other outcasts. After a series of appalling incidents she is accused of attempted murder, and then, since this is obvious nonsense, has to face what she dreads most: classification as feebleminded and confinement in a mental institution.

The irrepressible Zelda shrieks her protests. Zeke would rather kill his sister and himself than suffer this disgrace. But Jeeney's real savior is her secret friend, Jim the ditchwalker, who not only proves that she is not an idiot, and that she can read and memorize and connect birds with their songs and eggs, but also produces a San Francisco doctor who diagnoses her condition. As the reader may have guessed, she is a spastic and, moreover, one who has already made great progress and is capable of achieving much more. So grandmother was right all the time. Zeke need no longer be ashamed of her; instead he should be proud. She is not condemned to creep in darkness and despair; she can go boldly forward, learning with fellow-sufferers from this disease how to overcome as far as possible her physical handicaps.

Jeeney's courage and her emergence into the light of hope turn this novel from a dirge into a triumphant song. But this note is heard throughout, for Jeeney tells her own story, in the sonorous rhythms learned from the Bible, or in simple country phrases and echoes of the life of field and woodland. The sordid conditions she has to endure are never allowed to deafen the ear of the enthralled listener. The hideous grotesques bellow their obscenities in vain. Above their uproar sounds the note of love that sustains and encourages the afflicted child, whether it comes from Zeke's bassoon or Zelda's fiddle.

This passionate pair, in a perpetual duet of rage and reconciliation, are vividly characterized; the humble watcher over the water supply is less firmly outlined but solidly present whenever he appears; the doctor (himself a spastic) is seen through a distant haze; and the monsters at the hotel and the chilly representatives of the law are rapidly-sketched caricatures. In its combination of realism and fantasy, equally controlled and powerfully presented, "Jeeney Ray" is a triumph.

APACHE CAPTIVE: Once in a while a novelist makes of the Old West something larger than a formula Western. One such case is **"A Time in the Sun,"** by Jane Barry (Doubleday, $4.95), a historical novel of the Arizona Apache campaigns in 1870.

Though traditional, the story line is handled with vivacity and strength. Apaches capture a white girl, a cavalry colonel's daughter; a Romeo-Juliet affair ensues between her and a part Indian within the tribe; an embittered ex-Confederate scout, the hero, frees her and then altruistically returns her to her lover. Yet, hackneyed as such a synopsis may seem, Mrs. Barry's treatment excels in credible characterizations, smooth style, believable

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motivations and refreshing plot twists. In all, this is perhaps the finest picture of life among Cochise's Apaches that has appeared in the last decade.

Though there are a few errors, in the main little-known events of Arizona history are described with accurate detail. Some of Mrs. Barry's minor characters are powerfully drawn, notably certain Indian chiefs and Obre, the killer-for-hire, who shows hardly a trace of his stereotyped fictional ancestors. In spots, the author's irony is as deft as a knife thrust between the ribs of the bigoted fools who made massive confusion of our nineteenth-century Indian affairs.

But together with these excellences there are such occasional faults as annoying dialect in the dialogue, literary or modern lingo on the lips of 1870 characters, bits of moralizing and heavy sentimentality, a few strained coincidences, and a hero who is at times embarrassingly existentialist. On the whole, however, the book is solid. The Southwest needs more work of this stature. —BRIAN WYNNE GARFIELD.

HEARTS IN THE HIGHLANDS: A guest home on the banks of Loch Ness (the monster is not a member of the cast) is the setting for Charity Blackstock's "**A House Possessed**" (Lippincott, $3.50), a tender, emotional, exciting, humorous little novel that wins the heart. The proprietor of the establishment, Miss Murphy, engages the local priest to exorcise the spirits of a disowned daughter of the house and her soldier husband, who fell at Waterloo. The priest obliges, but the night-bumpings continue, and are eventually, of course, satisfactorily explained and forever silenced. The guests themselves are, inevitably, a mixed bag: a slightly wacky R.A.F. flight sergeant, a female do-gooder who gets off on the wrong foot before she gets back on the right, a young Englishwoman who rediscovers the boy friend she had lost in Athens ten years earlier, an American antique dealer operating out of London, a temperamental maid of all work, a male schoolteacher who is something of a stinker, and, most appealing of all, his nine-year-old son, without whom there would not be much of a story.
—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

Coming October 6th

SR's Annual

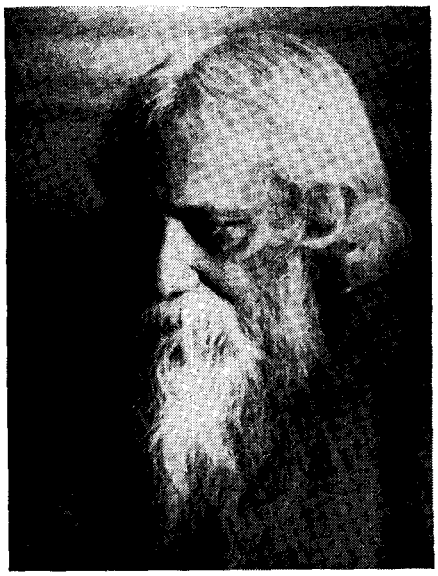
Fall Book Issue

SAPIENT ASIANS

Poetry: The Wine of Wisdom

"Tagore: A Biography of Rabindranath Tagore," by Krishna Kripalani *(Grove. 417 pp. $8.75), and* ***"Social Thinking of Rabindranath Tagore," by Sasadhar Sinha*** *(Asia Publishing House-Taplinger. 192 pp. $6.75), reveal the many-faceted greatness of India's Nobel Prize-winning poet. Edward C. Dimock, Jr., teaches in the Department of Linguistics at the University of Chicago.*

By EDWARD C. DIMOCK, JR.



—*Martin Vos.*

Tagore—"a symbol for a nation."

NINETEEN-SIXTY-ONE marked the centenary of the birth of the poet Rabindranath Tagore. People will recall the various ways in which the occasion was celebrated in this country: the books and articles, an off-Broadway production of "King of the Dark Chamber," Robert Frost's moving tribute, and the rest. I happened to be in India for a part of that year, giving and (mostly) listening to lectures on the poet and his work. Among other things, that trip was a lesson in the uses of the past.

Sasadhar Sinha, in one of the books under discussion, has written: "Idealization of the past has been the main weapon in the hands of social reaction in India and the chief hurdle in the path of her progress." Bankimchandra Chatterjee, the Bengali novelist, saw in the Muslim conquest the degradation of Hindi India and the destruction of her unity and strength. But Nehru, like Tagore, sees in that same conquest not degradation but an infusion of power. In just such a way people of diverse views seek to claim Tagore. And there is so much in his work, so much a poet was he, that almost everybody can.

Tagore has become a symbol. This is understandable. A poet of India who won a Nobel Prize and an international literary reputation was bound to become a symbol for a nation whose creativity had been turned in upon itself and whose self-respect had withered through generations of contempt. For little minds and talents, the presence of such a symbol is perhaps a "hurdle in the path of progress." Of the speeches I have heard and the books I have read on Tagore, only a few dare to assess him as a thinker and a writer, only a few resist the temptation to stand between the poet and his audience, to bask a little in his glory. Among the few, Krishna Kripalani and Sasadhar Sinha stand out.

In Bengali literature there is a phenomenon called *caritāmrta*, "the nectar of the acts of . . .," a formula used in the biographies of saints, where the greatness of a man is considered timeless, free from the relationship of past to present. This form must have been a temptation for Mr. Kripalani, for writing about a symbol, an image, is a difficult thing to do, especially in India. One can incur the wrath of those who believe in the symbol, who worship the image, by pointing out that it is made of clay; or one can incur the wrath of the iconoclasts by pointing out that it has other meanings. Mr. Kripalani, who has reached his conclusions through thinking, is courageous enough to stand with the majority. He feels that Tagore is a very great poet. And, having been inspired by this book to reread some of Tagore, so do I.

Mr. Kripalani has written a fine biography. He was almost bound to do so: he was for many years connected with Tagore and with the school and university that Tagore founded; he has done excellent translations of two of Tagore's novels into English; he has married into the Tagore family, thus becoming more familiar with the tra-

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ditions of this extraordinary line of poets, painters, and reformers; and, most important, he is a writer of skill, insight, and sensitivity. If there is a fault in the book it is, in my opinion, that Mr. Kripalani has been too modest about the value of his own judgment of Tagore's writing. Perhaps he feels that Edward Thompson's previous literary biography ("Rabindranath Tagore: Poet and Dramatist") met the need. One could wish that Mr. Kripalani had shown us his view of what the poet is, not only how he came to be.

I have been referring to Tagore as "poet." The term in India means not only what it means to us; it also means teacher, thinker, musician, painter, and, as Mr. Kripalani says, "intermediary between human and divine." We are shown that as intermediary Tagore inclines slightly toward humanity, acknowledging the great part that women, especially his sister-in-law Kadambari, played in his life. This accounts, among other things, for the fact that it is the female characters in his novels, stories, and dramas who are almost always the vital ones.

It is hard for us to realize what Tagore meant to India. We know that he burst upon the West in 1912 with Ezra Pound's cable from London to Harriet Monroe, then editor of *Poetry* in Chicago, that Tagore "has sung Bengal into a nation, and his English version of his poems is very wonderful." We are aware of the now seemingly extravagant support of Yeats, AE, and others in London and Dublin; and of "Gitanjali" and the Nobel Prize in 1913. We also know that we soon tired of his beard, his robes, and his "mysticism"— all we knew of his poetry, not realizing that it was also ironic and strong, by turns—until our attitude could be summed up by the skeptical *New Age* of London:

> . . . any of us could write such stuff *ad libitum;* but nobody would be deceived into thinking it good English, good poetry, good sense, or good ethics.

Tagore's popularity in the West was brief, and perhaps, on the basis of what we then knew of him, rightly so. But both Mr. Kripalani's biography and Dr. Sinha's study of his social thought show us just how little of him we knew.

Not many think of Tagore as a social thinker or an educator. But, as Dasadhar Sinha, a scholar of considerable insight, experience, and rigor, points out, education was as natural a function for the poet as was writing. Tagore was not only a theorist; at his school at Santiniketan and later at his university he put theory into practice. He had learned from his own painful early schooling and from the forest-school ideal of ancient India that the educational process should be through nature—the rapport between a child's own nature and that which he found around him—and that boys should be trained to be men, not merely to parrot irrelevant facts at inopportune times. His university, Visva-bharati, also represented his ideal of the unity of man. In Mr. Sinha's words, it was

> . . . a common fellowship of learning and common spiritual striving for the unity of the human race. The stress was now to be laid upon the ideal of humanity itself.

But in these two institutions and in his experiment in village development, Sriniketan, there was a problem. As Dr. Sinha, whose criticism is both strong and respectful, says, "his approach to educational problems was the artist's intuitive one . . . a moral and humanist approach rather than a scientific grappling with intricate problems."

This accounts for many things. It accounts for the fact that (according to Dr. Sinha, who was educated and who later taught there) that there was in the school a lack of discipline: Tagore simply loved children too much. It may account for his painful misjudgment of Mussolini and Fascism; he had so much faith in man that he could be easily and tragically used as propaganda. He later repudiated both Mussolini and Fascism, but the scar remains; witness the outcry in the press when an eminent Italian scholar was invited to receive a degree from Visva-bharati in 1961. It certainly accounts for his disagreements with Gandhi, for though, with his poet's vision, Tagore saw freedom and loved what he saw, his unanalytic acceptance of the established social order and his lack of appreciation for the function of nationalism never allowed him to agree with Gandhi on the ways by which that freedom was to be achieved.

Both these books show the greatness of Rabindranath Tagore, and show it abundantly. What pleases most is that they demonstrate that he was great because he was a man, and not, as we are used to hearing, in spite of it.

Clouds on Lost Horizons

"My Land and My People," by His Holiness, the Dalai Lama of Tibet *(McGraw-Hill. 264 pp. $5.95), records without acrimony the seizure by Communist China of an ancient country dominated by Buddhism. Political analyst Stanley Ghosh wrote "Embers in Cathay."*

By STANLEY GHOSH

THE YOUNG Dalai Lama's brief, tumultuous reign, climaxed by the appalling humiliation of his people by the Chinese Communists, is a gripping story. In his book he writes feelingly of his humble origins, the distant village in eastern Tibet where he was born, the splendor of the natural beauty of the land, and its cultural landscape adorned by the many historic shrines and monasteries. Born in 1935, he was two years old when Buddhist monks declared him to be the reincarnation of the previous Dalai Lama. At the age of four and a half, he was formally installed as the fourteenth Dalai Lama, the spiritual and temporal ruler of Tibet.

In succeeding chapters he traces his boyhood spent under stern Lamaist discipline, his quest for enlightenment, and his studies in Buddhist theology. In his simple but attractive literary style he reviews Tibet's early encounters with the Chinese Communists, then flushed with victory in mainland China. He writes with restraint of the unprovoked Red Chinese invasion of his homeland, and of the repression of his freedom-loving fellow-countrymen. His

The Dalai Lama—unique gentleness.

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journey to Communist China in the hope of peace, his subsequent pilgrimage to India, and his confrontation with the leading political personalities of the two countries are recalled with the succinctness of an astute observer. Finally, the details of the Tibetan revolt early in 1959, the crisis in Lhasa, his escape from the Norbulingka Palace, and his secret trek to political exile in India all emerge with a vividness that makes the reading of these memoirs an enthralling and unforgettable experience.

The Dalai Lama records the frustration of his nine years of efforts to reach an honorable concord with the Chinese Communist invaders by appealing to their sense of reason and justice. Meanwhile, an unprecedented famine, brought on by the forcible requisitioning of food by the Chinese Communists and the coercive introduction of Communist "reforms," created an explosive resentment throughout the country. Eventually the flames of revolt burst into a national conflagration.

Perhaps one of the most striking features of the book is the utter candor with which the Dalai Lama treats the problems of his homeland, both internal and external. Among other things, he readily admits the prevailing inequalities of Tibetan society. He concedes that its feudalistic structure gave opportunities for oppression. Yet there was very little of the cruelty of man to man that arose in other feudal societies, for in every class religion was both a controlling influence and a constant comfort and support. Nevertheless, the need for reform was clearly there, if Tibet was to make the transition from medievalism to modernity. In the few years that he held effective power, the Dalai Lama, a sincere reformer at heart, set in motion the wheels of social and economic change in accordance with the principles of the Buddhist faith. But before his far-reaching reforms could be effected, the Chinese Communists, with their own Marxist-Leninist schemes, took over the command, blocking Tibet's self-designed path to progress.

"My Land and My People" is, without a doubt, one of the most moving memoirs I have ever read. It is the chronicle of a national tragedy. Yet it is also a most inspiring book, for it relates this story in a spirit of tolerance and gentleness that is truly unique.

Coming September 22nd

"The Creative Vision: Six Decades of the Photographer's Art in Text and Pictures

Sadhu with a Difference

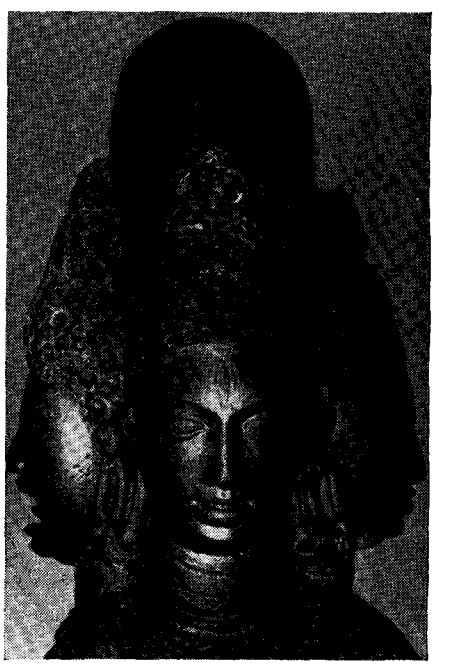
"Ocean in a Teacup: The Story of Sree Sree Thakur Anukul Chandra," by Ray A. Hauserman, Jr., with Constance Loveland *(Harper. 242 pp. $4.50), introduces an Indian holy man whose protean proclivities include a fondness for the hookah. Frank Moraes is editor-in-chief of the Indian Express in Bombay.*

By FRANK MORAES

THE HINDU pantheon proliferates with gods, saints, *sadhus*, and sages, though within its wide ambit Hinduism permits the identification of godliness with grossness and crass worldiness. Of the gods of the Hindu triad—Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva—Shiva, who embodies principle of destruction and reproductive powers, is in one of his multiple aspects depicted as the Mahayogi, the great ascetic representing the highest perfection of austere penance and abstract meditation, but in another aspect he is accepted as a deity given to revelry, drink, and dance. This polarization of different and contradictory qualities in the concept of godhood puzzles and sometimes repels the Western mind. But in so far as it reflects the manifold attributes and spirit of man, who has the seed of divinity in him, it poses no obvious conflict or contradiction to the Hindu mind.

Outside, as also within India, *sadhus* or spiritual leaders pose in the public mind the image of persons dedicated to a life of apostolic poverty or self-mortification to the point of masochism as symbolized by the *fakir* on his bed of nails. In so far as Mr. Hauserman's study of Thakur Anukul Chandra provides an overdue corrective and dispels this illusion it helps in righting a distorted picture. Sree Sree Thakur, which apparently is the title bestowed on this spiritual sage by his devotees, seems to be a *sadhu* with a difference, at home equally with semantics and science, religion and polemics, capable of attracting to his abode the learned and the ignorant, and himself not averse to smoking a hookah. Like Gandhi, Sree Thakur was able to convert political terrorists to more placid habits and, unlike the Mahatma, encourage the more forward-looking to set up a scientific laboratory in the jungle and pursue their experiments with modern aids and power-driven machinery. Two emissaries of a former British Governor of Bengal were slightly taken aback to find a class in differential calculus being held under a banyan tree.

Sadhus, say the skeptics, are a dime a dozen in India. Many realists would subscribe to this evaluation. This reviewer must confess that he has never heard before of Sree Sree Thakur but this is not surprising in a country abounding with all types of holy men, wise and otherwise. What is the message preached by this sage from Bihar? It is conveyed by the brief phrase "Labor for love," which may seem trite but could like many simple truths be basic. Here is a glimpse of Sree Thakur in his more evocative moments, expounding his philosophy to the author: "Behind the gross there is the fine, and behind the fine, there is the finer. And so it goes until you reach the source that nourishes all that is with the same generous flow. This source is Love. See as much as you can, always. In this way your vision will grow."



—From "The Art of India."

Eighth-century phallic symbol of Shiva the Caturmukha Linga at Caturmukha Mahadeva Temple in Vindhya Pradesh, India. Four of Shiva's faces comprise his total manifestation, in four directions. The fifth looks upward, where the pillar of the Linga raises its dome shape.

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Fathers of Indian Unrest

"Tilak and Gokhale: Revolution and Reform in the Making of Modern India," by Stanley A. Wolpert *(University of California Press. 370 pp. $7.50), offers a comparative study of two leaders of the Indian nationalist movement before the advent of Gandhi. K. Natwarsingh frequently reviews books for All-India Radio of New Delhi.*

By K. NATWARSINGH

MR. WOLPERT's new book is, broadly speaking, a history of the pre-Gandhian era of India's freedom movement, and very good history it is. Outside India little if anything is known about the life and work of either Bal Gangadhar Tilak (1856-1920) or Gopal Krishna Gokhale (1866-1915). To most Americans these names probably mean nothing. In India they mean much, especially that of Tilak, whom the British authorities of the day called "the father of Indian unrest." Both these men, in their different ways and spheres, exerted wide and almost decisive influence on the events of their time.

In the early years of the twentieth century the Indian National Congress, torn between the revolutionary radicalism of Tilak and the conservative constitutionalism of Gokhale, became paralyzed. In 1907 the moderates under Gokhale won a victory, but, as Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru says in his "Discovery of India," they won "because of organizational control and the then narrow franchise of the Congress. There was no doubt that the vast majority of politically minded people in India favored Tilak and his group."

Tilak has received considerable attention in print, both in English and in the Indian vernaculars; Gokhale has by comparison been somewhat neglected. Mr. Wolpert's is the first comparative study of the lives of these two very remarkable men, who began life as friends and colleagues and ended as political opponents and rivals.

The author went out to India on a Ford Foundation fellowship and spent several months in the city of Poona, where Tilak and Gokhale lived for the greater part of their lives, and where he had access to their private papers and documents. The result of his labors has been rewarding; and we have a well-documented, authentic, authoritative, competent, and, on the whole, well-balanced book. In the earlier half of the volume a certain amount of prejudice in favor of Gokhale is evident, while Tilak's actions and motives come under steady fire. Some of the author's conclusions and judgments on Tilak are questionable and will no doubt be challenged. However, the balance is restored in the second half of the work, where Tilak receives just and praiseworthy treatment. The middle portion of the book is devoted to Maharashtrian political factionalism and its effect on the national movement. With the dawn of the "twentieth century a gradual 'politization' of the Indian élites took place"; and the educated classes became totally immersed in political thought and action, with Maharashtra a leading center of such activity.

Bal Gangadhar Tilak was the first political agitator produced by India. He was also the first Indian of stature to arouse a strong national feeling among all Indians by appealing to their sense of the historic past. He proudly announced, "freedom is my birthright and I shall have it." Trouble with the authorities was inevitable, and Tilak spent long years in prison, both in India and in Burma, to which he was deported in 1908 and not released till 1914. It was in prison that this great patriot and Sanskrit scholar wrote his famous commentary on the Gita. In matters social, economic, and scientific he looked backward rather than forward; he clashed with Gokhale, who was more in tune with the times in these matters and who had the foresight and vision to anticipate the role planning and science would play in the growth and development of India.

Gopal Krishna Gokhale's rise to fame was meteoric; by the time he was thirty-five he was already an elder statesman. He was the commanding Indian in the Viceregal Legislature. A gifted and able debater with a lively and literary style of speaking, an admirer of Burke and J. S. Mill, a master of facts, possessing a profound knowledge of matters fiscal and economic, he was the most effective critic of the Government in the Assembly. But he was basically a moderate and a constitutionalist. His severest criticisms would be couched in statements such as this: "A kind of dwarfing or stunning of the Indian race is going on under the present [British] system. We must live all our life in an atmosphere of inferiority, and the tallest among us must bend in order that exigencies of the system be satisfied. . . ." But there were some who did not bend, and Tilak was foremost among them.

THE book ends with a summary comparison of the ideas of Tilak and Gokhale and the roles they might have played in the national movement that was led by Mahatma Gandhi after 1920. No adequate answer is forthcoming, but one thing is certain: both would have had to go along with Gandhi—who had in his early years been much influenced by Gokhale—or they would have been cast aside by the Indian people, for such was Gandhi's magic.

For serious students of modern India Mr. Wolpert's book is invaluable. The layman will find it fascinating and gripping. The author's novel "Nine Hours to Rama" left me bewildered, dissatisfied, and distressed; but "Tilak and Gokhale" is a major work.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Add an A to each of the words listed below (which have been selected by Ruth E. Moore of Chicago, Illinois) and you get another word—in one instance two other words. Example: STEW, WASTE. Answers on page 33.

1. test
2. threw
3. lever
4. kings
5. miner
6. cretin
7. tether
8. ring
9. thing
10. mowed
11. slide
12. wins
13. press
14. wrens
15. cling

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The Rambler in Scotland

"Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D., 1773," edited by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett *(McGraw-Hill. 520 pp. $10), adds hitherto unpublished material to one of the most famous travel accounts of all time. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., is an associate editor of Fortune magazine.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

THE EIGHTH volume in Yale University's edition of the papers of James Boswell, this new "Journal" is another bit pressed into a mosaic of unexceptionable scholarship. The Introduction by Frederick Pottle is concise and informative, and the hitherto unpublished material—additions, corrections, and a topographical supplement, which together run to over eighty pages—evidence the profound study of scholarly minutiae that must precede the publication of a work of such literary and historical importance. Yet, complete and detailed as it is, this new edition of the "Journal" appears remarkably free of pedantry.

In its organization lies its only weakness. The first 403 pages—the entire narrative of the Hebridean tour—are identical with an edition put out in 1936, and the new material follows separately. The reason, as Pottle explains, was that "the plates of 1936 are extant and usable, [and] it seemed to the committee wantonly extravagant to scrap them." The decision was unfortunate, because the textual material uncovered since 1936, while not comparable in importance to the famous find in a croquet box at Malahide Castle in County Dublin in 1930, warranted a new printing. Many colorful touches (to the information that Johnson "never wears a nightcap, but puts a handkerchief on his head at night" is added the bit that he "never gives his handkerchiefs to wash, but always washed and dried them himself") and clarifying details could be more readily savored had they been woven into the text, where they belong. Instead, they are grouped together under "Corrections and Additions" at the end of the book, so that much flipping of pages

Dr. Johnson, from an engraving by Thomas Trotter

and many interruptions of the narrative are required if the new findings are to be read, as surely they should be, in their proper context. The "Corrections and Additions" also entail some duplication with footnotes that accompany the text: the death of Boswell's young daughter Veronica, for example, comes to us in a footnote on page 14, and in an "addition" on page 407.

But these organizational inconveniences cannot obscure the splendor of the new "Journal." A unique blend of biography, autobiography, literary history, adventure, and journalism, its richness makes heady reading. The true figure of Samuel Johnson, who was airily disparaged a couple of decades ago, comes into view: a man who, aged sixty-three when he made the Hebridean tour, was vigorous, literary, learned, and witty beyond the facile manufacture of epigrams that is usually attributed to him. Boswell, thirty-three years old when he spent 101 days traveling with the literary lion of his era, was indeed the urbane phrase-maker he has been represented as being. As evidence, one need only note his response when he was rebuked by a handsome woman: "When I recollected that my punishment was inflicted by so dignified a beauty, I had that kind of consolation which a man would feel who is strangled by a silken cord."

But Boswell could do more than turn a phrase: his talents are, in the best meaning of the word, deeply journalistic. In violation of the fashion of the time, he writes with the wealth of attention to detail that lends the "Journal" much of its real distinction:

> They showed us the gravestone of a lady abbess [he wrote of the stop at Iona in western Scotland]. It was of that bluish stone or slate that is frequent in Highland churches. At one end was carved the abbess with a crozier at her side, and hands folded on her breast. At another, with the heads in opposite direction, a Virgin and babe . . . Round the stone was an inscription telling who the lady was. . . .

Boswell apologizes for the details ("But I am, I find, growing minute when I write"), yet he is off again a moment later:

> We were told that here, as at Inchkenneth, the water was conveyed in leaden pipes. . . . All I could observe was that at the well the water came out of a flat freestone with a springing motion, as if conducted to the orifice by a pipe. But whether there was a lead pipe or not is a moot point.

A close-up portrait of much of life in the eighteenth century emerges from such careful observations.

This handsome edition is set off with reproductions of contemporary prints, and with easily-read maps.

Corry had a brandy bottle and glass with him, and insisted I should take a dram. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, "fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning, that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get drunk at night, and skulk to bed, and let his friends have no sport." . . .
. . . at the minister's, Mr. Johnson asked if the people here had any superstitions. The minister said, "No." Their not choosing to cut peats at the increase of the moon was mentioned by somebody. "There," said Mr. Johnson, "is a superstition." Said the minister, "It's not a superstition. It's a whim." The correction I thought not amiss.
—From the Book.

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The Peripatetic Poodle

"Travels with Charley: In Search of America," by John Steinbeck *(Viking. 246 pp. $4.95), gives a novelist's-eye view of the U.S. as seen on a cross-country trip by house-truck, in the company of a large poodle. William Rivers is an associate professor at Stanford and a free-lance writer.*

By WILLIAM RIVERS

WHEN the novelist turns to journalism, he may, like Norman Mailer, invest so much of himself in his reportage that every effort is autobiographical. Or he may condescend, as Ernest Hemingway occasionally did in magazine articles, almost to the point of saying: "I need not spend much of my talent on nonfiction."

There is a little of both attitudes in John Steinbeck's "Travels with Charley," a report on a trip around the United States. The reader learns much more about the author than he does about the country. And, although Steinbeck undoubtedly went through the agony every writer experiences who makes a book sound offhand, one cannot imagine that he gave himself to it in quite the way that he surrendered to, say, "East of Eden." The result is both better and worse than what a perceptive journalist might have accomplished.

The opening pages are heavy with truisms that a first-rank journalist would have avoided. "I live in New York," Steinbeck writes, "or dip into Chicago or San Francisco. But New York is no more America than Paris is France or London is England." Then, "Thus I discovered that I did not know my own country. . . . So it was that I determined to look again, to try to rediscover this monster land."

There is more of much the same. It is perfectly true that the act of writing—ordering and organizing observation and experience—teaches the writer as well as the reader. But sentences like "I set this matter down not to instruct others but to inform myself" represent humility of a highly self-conscious sort. Few journalists get caught in this net, but Steinbeck is entangled again and again.

He decided, for example, to travel in a pick-up truck outfitted with a small house built like the cabin of a boat. People are identified only in a context, Steinbeck observes, and his house-truck will enable him to leave his name and identity at home. It is difficult to understand, however, how much anonymity he expected to win with "Rocinante," the name of Don Quixote's horse, painted on the side of the traveling house in sixteenth-century Spanish script.

Steinbeck's companion, the "Charley" of the title, is a large poodle, friendly to the point of pacifism. He is an arresting dog, but his urinating habits are hardly cause for humble philosophizing. Steinbeck chooses to observe, however, that in this field, "the slow, imperial smelling over and anointing of an area, he has no peer. Of course his horizons are limited, but how wide are mine?" Later, "There Charley could with his deliberate exploring nose read his own particular literature on bushes and tree trunks and leave his message there, perhaps as important in endless time as these pen scratches I put down on perishable paper." Thus humility becomes absurdity.

But if the self-consciousness of the novelist rings an occasional loud note of falsity, the novelist's eye and mind are precious. Here is Steinbeck on literary style in highway signs:

> The New England states use a terse form of instruction, a tight-lipped, laconic style sheet, wasting no words and few letters. New York State shouts at you the whole time. Do this. Do that. Squeeze left. Squeeze right. Every few feet an imperious command. In Ohio the signs are more benign. They offer friendly advice and are more like suggestions. Some states use a turgid style which can get you lost with the greatest ease.

And when Steinbeck stops at a crowded Chicago hotel and must for a few hours occupy an unmade room, he analyzes the previous occupant from bits and pieces left behind: laundry slips, a half-written letter, a scent of perfume, a broken comb. Like most of the book, this is highly impressionistic, but it is also a stunning performance. Almost any journalist daring to try it would probably prove himself the victim of a circumscribed imagination.

In the end, the novelist's eye, which sees the droopy, early-morning men in a roadside restaurant "folded over their coffee cups like ferns," makes this book memorable.

Housewife International

"Around the Globe in Twenty Years," by Irena Wiley *(David McKay. 249 pp. $4.95), is the multi-countried reminiscence of a Polish artist married to an American diplomat. As a journalist, Margaret Parton has also lived in many foreign countries.*

By MARGARET PARTON

HAVE you ever, dressed in a white satin Dior evening gown, delivered seven puppies while giving your first official dinner in Persia? No? Well, Mrs. Wiley did—and, furthermore, her husband was upstairs in bed with sandfly fever.

It was in Iran, also, that Mrs. Wiley's cook, having been asked repeatedly to cover the food in order to keep off clouds of flies, said innocently: "But, madam, why do you mind? They eat so little." In Colombia Mrs. Wiley stroked the cobalt and emerald neck-feathers of a wild hummingbird. In Portugal she witnessed a miracle. And at a Russian dinner party she produced a little miracle of her own: a full sentence from the taciturn British Ambassador, whose interests she had been vainly and politely trying to discover. "I like only three things," the diplomat finally admitted, looking at her sideways with light-blue eyes veined with red. "Whiskey, Shakespeare, and sleep."

With such pleasant and amusing memories, and with others far more somber, are Mrs. Wiley's reminiscences concerned.

A Polish artist who had been raised in France and England, she was married to John Wiley in 1934 "under the law of the Gypsies"—a desperate strategem forced by French red tape. But a Gypsy marriage was appropriate, for the next twenty years found her

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living with her foreign service husband in Russia, Belgium, Austria, Latvia, Estonia, Colombia, Portugal, Iran, and Panamá, and traveling widely in the Orient, the Middle East, and South America.

Much of it was fun, but much of it, too, was grim. In Austria she watched the Nazi takeover. In Latvia and Estonia she witnessed the Russian occupation of the proud little countries. She couldn't see much difference between those two operations except that the Nazis committed their brutalities by day, and the Russians by night. In Panamá she raged at the exploitation of the people by a greedy élite—the nearest she ever comes to undiplomatic language. And in Iran she was sad to see the disappearance of traditional culture.

"I have always deplored," she says, "that our mass-produced goods, our gadgets, our comics, our chewing gum and cocktails take such a hold on some alien cultures while our laws against child labor, our five-day week, our preoccupation with public health and hygiene find so few followers abroad."

IT WILL be seen that Mrs. Wiley is a sensitive woman who knew how to find value in whatever culture she found herself in. Her focus is always on the people of the country rather than on the glamour of her own life or that of other high-level Americans abroad. "Americans who flock together abroad," she remarks, "tend to develop nationalism rather than patriotism. One should not, like a snail, carry one's country on one's back. Its place should be in the heart, invisible but present."

For this sentence, as well as for the whole of her graceful and civilized book, Mrs. Wiley rates a warm round of applause.

THE PROFIT MOTIVE

Path to the Executive Summit

"In-Laws and Outlaws," by C. Northcote Parkinson *(Houghton Mifflin. 238 pp. $4), advises the ambitious bungler how to become President of a mammoth Group of Associated Companies. Susan Drysdale, who personally quizzed the author, is a free-lance writer.*

By SUSAN DRYSDALE

DURING the past twenty-five years an English phenomenon known as C. (for Cyril) Northcote Parkinson has written and uttered some million and a half words, to his profit and fame—and now he is preparing to eat them. This history professor who makes a good living lambasting business and government bureaucracy, who reserves his unkindest cuts for business consultants, has recently become one himself—and written a how-to book for aspiring young executives.

The counsellors' right to advise, he blandly remarks in "In-Laws and Outlaws," derives "essentially from their initial act in putting up their shingles: 'Sneering, Shockwell and Foggarty, Business Consultants,' or 'Sadleigh, Deep, Loring and Muddleworth, Efficiency Engineers.' . . . What were Foggarty and Muddleworth doing before they proclaimed their expertise? This is by no means apparent. They may have taken a correspondence course. They may have attended a class in ethics at the Harvard School of Business Administration. They may merely have failed to earn their living in any other way."

Of his latest venture the professor says: "I am president of the Parkinson Instituut: NV of Amsterdam, an international firm of business consultants working in Holland, France, Germany, and Belgium. I am managing director of a book publishing company and have also had the opportunity of visiting many industrial plants, discussing their problems of organization. My last such visit was to Friedrich Krupp of Essen."

The avuncular approach to the would-be executive that Parkinson assumes in such chapters as "Punctuosity," "Secundity,' and "Chairmanity'" may seem a shade condescending to those who have reached the top of the administrative pyramid without his assistance. This book, he hastens to make clear, is not aimed at them. "The person in need of advice is *below* average—stupid, idle, careless, uncooperative, ill-tempered and disloyal. It is for him that books should be written. After all this is a democratic country. Why shouldn't he succeed like anyone else?"

All *this* businessman requires from his prospective pupil is that modicum of common sense which will enable him to follow the Parkinsonian path that leads to the executive summit. His advice, enhanced by the characteristically pungent drawings of Robert C. Osborn, ranges from how to choose the right father-in-law—"For the sake of his own status, your father-in-law cannot afford to have you anything less than vice-president"—to how to diagnose correctly a company's sex. Sex, by the way, plays a surprisingly important role in the life of a man hopeful for high office, and not only in the corporate sense:

> Like any flower or shrub, the industrial plant is either male or female . . . while there may be a male tendency in the wholesale business and a female bias in the retail, it would be a quite wrong to think that this is invariable. . . . When a Merger takes place, the advantage lies normally with the male corporation, which has been acquisitive and active. . . . Executives on the female side are likely to be displaced and thrust aside. For them the future is indeed pregnant with trouble and they have only themselves to blame. Through ignorance of the facts of life, they have found themselves on the wrong side of the Merger. Theirs is a fate which others should seek to avoid. Always be on the male or active side. . . . Merge but never submerge.

Cyril Parkinson, a stocky, comfortable man with brown eyes and a Pickwickian chin, does not attribute his own fame to nepotism. A father-in-law, he has observed, cannot teach you how to paint or to write. While in his twenties and a recent graduate from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, with a degree in history, Parkinson wrote short newspaper stories and painted under the name of John Northcote. Subsequently, for many years, "Squirrel," as he is called by his friends, taught history on both sides of the Atlantic, lectured on the problems of

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—From "In-Laws and Outlaws."

taxation in England and Scandinavia, and wrote books, among them "Evolution of Political Thought" and "War in the Eastern Seas." Equally celebrated, however, is a quizzical body of industrial canon: "Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion," "Expenditure rises to meet income," and now Parkinson's Third Law, "Expansion means complexity and complexity, decay." All this notwithstanding, Parkinson still regards himself primarily as a naval historian, and accordingly serves as admiral in the Navy of Nebraska.

BIRTH OF A FORTUNE: The growth of the Rockefeller fortune was the result not of double dealing and executive-suite knifing but a combination of factors based on Rockefeller's timing: In 1859, aged twenty, he left a $50-a-month job as a bookkeeper in Cleveland to found his own business. This coincided with the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania. And this was followed by Rockefeller's recognition that the tank car as a cheap method of transporting oil would enable him to sell for less and hereby best his competitors. That was how it all began.

"John D. Rockefeller's Secret Weapon," by Albert Z. Carr (McGraw-Hill, $6.59), is a fascinating account of the business wars—the battles for supremacy before and after the government, beginning to take an interest in directing business, started to break up monopolies. How Rockefeller and his successors engaged in one deal after another designed to crush opposition would not be possible today, one likes to think, even though the last chapter in the Billie Sol Estes story has not yet been written.

Mr. Carr has had access to organization records, in particular those of the Union Tank Car Company, the firm that was the source of Rockefeller's "secret weapon," and he has had long talks with many of the surviving figures in the succession of dramas that make up his report. Although not an exposé, it is by no means a whitewash. The Union Tank Car people, who promised not to interfere with the author's findings, did reserve the right to comment and argue. This makes for some delightful exchanges masquerading as conventional footnotes.

The book, a scholarly work, is a valuable addition to the country's economic history, and something more. It is recommended not only to businessmen wondering how Rockefeller did it and what they can still legally accomplish but also to those who like a story of adventure and intrigue with millions of dollars and many lives involved. —William M. Freeman.

Books in the News

Continued from page 13

merely the rational conclusion of a conscientious statesman.

What of the arrangements for the flight itself to Ndola, which Mr. Gavshon contends "looked absurd to cautious men"? "The *Albertina* was a damaged plane. . . . It flew unnecessarily at night. . . . Taken together [Mr. Gavshon pursues his suicide innuendo] these were circumstances that appeared likely to cut Hammarskjöld's chances of survival substantially." The point is underlined by the false premise that Hammarskjöld "arranged his flight."

What are the facts? They were found both by the Rhodesian and U.N. Commissions, and confirmed by the Swiss criminologist. The U.N. Commission found: (1) U.N. Air Operations selected the *Albertina,* rather than another available plane, because it was "faster and more comfortable"; (2) "this aircraft was in very good condition and . . . very well maintained"; (3) "the aircraft was properly manned with a competent crew . . ." (4) "After hearing expert opinion, the Commission was satisfied that a night landing at Ndola could not present any difficulties"; (5) "Because of the danger of an attack . . . it was decided to observe radio silence during the flight to Ndola"; (6) "a team of security officers . . . searched the cabin of the aircraft immediately after boarding"; (7) All "circumstances taken together may have rendered a night flight unavoidable. . . . It is also relevant to observe that, because of the danger of an attack from the Fouga Magister, most of the flights in the Congo at the time were taken at night."

The "cautious men" referred to by Mr. Gavshon, to whom the flight arrangements "looked absurd," obviously did not include the members of the United Nations Commission or their expert advisers. The Secretary-General, far from being "politically and morally lost," was in fact embarking on a mission no more hazardous, and no less gallant, than many he had undertaken in other troubled times and places. Dag Hammarskjöld, together with colleagues and crew, lost their lives on a mission for peace. It is not possible to devise a more fitting epitaph for soldiers of peace.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. taste or state. 2. wreath. 3. reveal. 4. asking. 5. remain. 6. certain. 7. theater. 8. grain. 9. hating. 10. meadow. 11. ladies. 12. swain. 13. sparse. 14, answer. 15. lacing.

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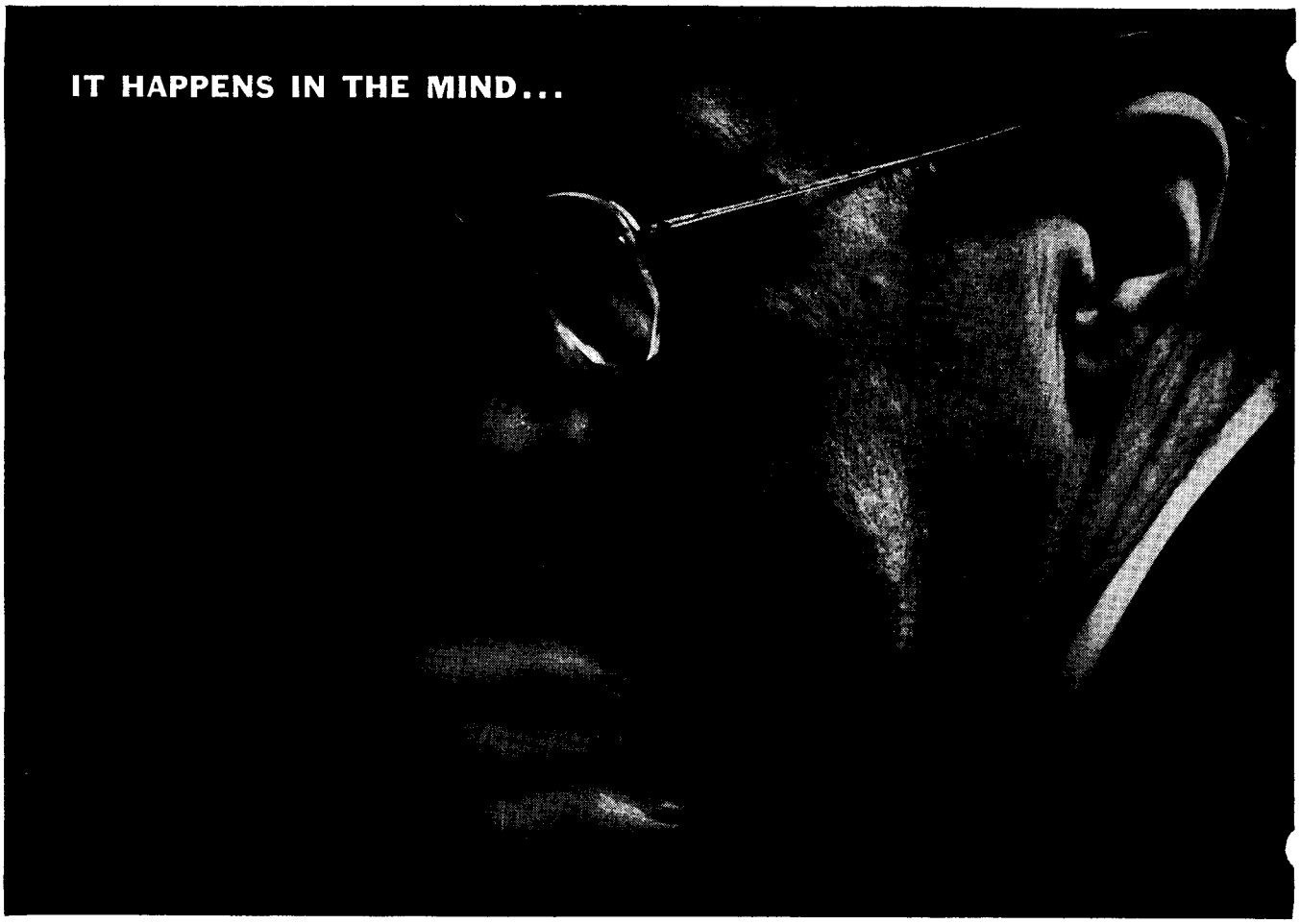
At Bell Telephone Laboratories, mathematician Sidney Darlington has contributed notably in developing the art of circuit analysis.



. . . It is essentially a thing of the mind for it works through concepts, symbols and relationships . . . it helps man to analyze and synthesize the complex phenomena of the universe and himself . . . it works in many ways to advance electrical communications:

IT IS CALLED MATHEMATICS

At Bell Telephone Laboratories mathematics works powerfully to solve problems involving complex data. For example, engineers must design and synthesize complex systems to process specific signals in precisely controlled ways. At the same time the technology provides a wide choice of circuits and components. Mathematical circuit analysis reveals the circuits which can do the job most efficiently and economically.

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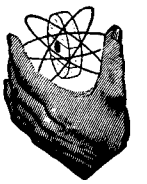
SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXXVIII • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor.

ARTICLE: "On Time" Moonboat

(Photograph above reproduced by permission of Dr. H. R. Weidemann, Dr. Helen B. Taussig, and the Journal of the American Medical Association)

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE UNFINISHED STORY OF THALIDOMIDE

TWO years and three months ago—on the third day of June 1960—Mr. George P. Larrick, U. S. Commissioner of Food and Drugs, the man responsible for policing abuses in the marketing of drugs in this country, appeared as a witness before the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly in Washington, D. C. He was there primarily to explain how it was that his professional subordinate and personal friend, Henry Welch, Ph.D., then chief of the antibiotics division of the Food and Drug Administration, had managed to obtain and keep official sanction for an arrangement under which Dr. Welch collected more than a quarter of a million dollars in private fees as editor of antibiotics promotion journals at the same time he was being paid a government salary for judging the worth of antibiotics to physicians and their patients. Mr. Larrick explained that he had trusted his antibiotics division chief completely, hence had no cause to ask for figures when Dr. Welch assured him that only a few small honoraria were involved in straightforward editorial work free of ethical conflict.

A woman physician recently resigned from the FDA staff—Dr. Barbara Moulton, daughter of a family long distinguished in American science—had testified earlier that questionable relationships like the one existing between Dr. Welch and the drugmakers were constantly invited through repeated visiting and telephoning of FDA officers by drug company agents. But Commissioner Larrick denied "categorically . . all . . . suggestions and accusations . . . that the review of new drug applications . . . may in some instances . . . have been superficial."

"You will recall . . . the tragedy that led to the enactment [in 1938] of the new drug section of the present law," he testified. "In 1937 a drug manufacturer, believing that a liquid solution of sulfanilamide would be more acceptable to the patient than a tablet, used [as a solvent] an industrial chemical that had theretofore been widely employed as an anti-freeze. Animal testing would have exposed the danger from this poisonous elixir. But the manufacturer did not test his liquid. His mixture of sulfanilamide killed over 100 people before we could remove stocks from the market. . . .

"For the past twenty-two years . . . we have not had a repetition of the type of disaster that brought the new drug section into the law, *and will not under the present procedures.*"

The italics are mine. Let us set them aside for consideration later, and proceed with recollection of events as they occurred in 1960.

THE Senators accepted Commissioner Larrick's assurances and passed over suggestions that he be requested to retire from his post of authority.

On that same day, however, Commissioner Larrick's official superior, the then U. S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Hon. Arthur S. Flemming, directed that two investigations be opened into FDA's affairs. One of these studies would be scientific, and would be carried out by a special panel of the National Academy of Sciences. The second inquiry would be administrative, and would be assigned to a task force headed by Mr. Charles Kendall. In due time, the National Academy panel recommended that the drug law be changed to require new drugs to be proved effective as well as safe before going onto the market. The Kendall group urged, among other advices, that fraternization between FDA officers and drugmakers' agents be discouraged; and in January 1961 Commissioner Larrick's deputy, John Harvey, circulated a memo to the FDA staff calling for obedience to the Kendall injunction. Why the memo was necessary to exorcise a spirit whose presence Commissioner Larrick refused to admit was not explained.

ONE year and six months later—on 15 July 1962—*The Washington Post* published word that an hypnotic drug called thalidomide (tha-lid'-o-mide)—implicated in the birth during 1961 of thousands of armless, legless, earless and otherwise malformed babies (some mere cocoons of flesh, with heads attached, as shown in the photo above) to women in many foreign countries who took the drug in early pregnancy—had been held off the American market by a stubborn woman doctor in FDA, Dr. Frances Oldham Kelsey, herself mother of two. The writer of this *Post* news report, Mr. Morton Mintz, said Dr. Kelsey had accomplished her purpose only after months of resistance to a steady stream of telephone calls, letters, personal visits and appeals over her head to her FDA superiors by representatives of the William S. Merrell Company of Cincinnati, which wanted to sell the drug in this country.

U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, before whose subcommittee Commissioner Larrick in 1960 had denied the possibility of such tactics by drugmakers, immediately proposed to President Kennedy that Dr. Kelsey be awarded the Distinguished Federal Civilian Service Medal for standing off the promoters of thalidomide.

The Merrell Company reacted by publishing a statement minimizing and justifying the demands it had made on Dr. Kelsey's time and patience. Senator Kefauver replied by reading into the *Congressional Record* on 8 August 1962 a play-by-play account of Dr. Kelsey's

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experience (see chronology below). Taken from a memo in FDA's files, this document listed fifty-odd different approaches including a question of libel and an open hint that Commissioner Larrick himself would be enlisted by the drug house to neutralize Dr. Kelsey if she continued to refuse a permit.

What medical miracle did thalidomide's maker claim deserved such urgency?

Thalidomide would help people to sleep!

Very well. The drug house salesmen lost their sense of perspective on thalidomide. Such things happen to all of us from time to time. Why emphasize this instance? Dr. Kelsey had some trouble keeping thalidomide off the American market. But she did keep it off. That's history. Can't we treat it as history?

Even after some matters have passed into history, they ought not to be forgotten. But does thalidomide yet belong to history?

The Council on Drugs of the American Medical Association has issued a public statement saying that although thalidomide has never been sold commercially in this country, the drug has been in experimental use since 1956. Since the experimenters are not

Dr. Frances Kelsey's struggle against thalidomide

On 8 August 1962, U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee inserted in the *Congressional Record* a chronology of events in the history of William S. Merrell's application to the United States Food and Drug Administration for a permit to market thalidomide in this country. The chronology had come from a memo in the files of FDA. The memo was signed by Dr. John D. Archer, who at the time of signature was deputy director of the new drug branch of FDA's medical division and is now acting director of that unit. The following text of the chronology has been edited by *SR*'s Science Editor for popular reading:

12 September 1960—Application for new drug permit was received.

15 September 1960—Application was acknowledged.

Circa 25 October 1960—Mr. F. Joseph Murray, executive assistant to the director of research at Merrell, telephoned Dr. Ralph Smith, then chief of the new drug branch of the medical division of U.S. Food and Drug Administration, and asked for the name of the medical officer assigned to review Merrell's application for thalidomide.

10 November 1960—Dr. Frances Kelsey, the assigned officer, advised Merrell by letter that the application was incomplete and inadequate, that proposed labeling was unsuitable.

30 November 1960—Merrell submitted some new data.

16 December 1960—Mr. Murray brought another representative of Merrell to the FDA offices to submit further data and argument.

28 December 1960—Mr. Murray wrote a letter anticipating another conference on the drug.

29 December 1960—Dr. Kelsey telephoned Mr. Murray to point out that the material submitted the previous day was not in duplicate, as required by government regulation. Mr. Murray said the data had been intended for Dr. Kelsey's personal information and not for inclusion in the new drug application. Dr. Kelsey refused to accept the data in this fashion. Mr. Murray urged her to meet with him soon because Merrell was in a hurry to prepare for marketing the drug.

9 January 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey again and asked for an appointment to discuss labeling for the new drug. He also telephoned Miss Lee Geismar, the FDA chemist working on the thalidomide application, and asked her whether the information she had was sufficient.

11 January 1961—Mr. Murray personally visited Dr. Kelsey to give her additional data.

17 January 1961—Mr. Murray wrote a letter submitting Merrell's suggestions for a drug label. The letter asked that Mr. Murray be telephoned if this material were satisfactory so Merrell could proceed with its marketing arrangements.

17 January 1961—Dr. Kelsey told Merrell by letter that since the drug application was still incomplete, FDA would consider it withdrawn and resubmitted. This was legal notification that the sixty-day period within which a new drug must either be rejected or automatically approved would not begin until the application was properly presented.

25 January 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Smith, Dr. Kelsey's immediate superior, to complain that Dr. Kelsey was not available for his (Mr. Murray's) telephone calls. Mr. Murray said Merrell was waiting to print the drug labels, and the wording of the labels was the only point remaining to be clarified. Dr. Smith promised to investigate.

31 January 1961—Mr. Murray called Dr. Smith again and asked if Dr. Smith had anything to report. Dr. Smith said he had spoken to Dr. Kelsey and had learned there was more to review than merely the wording of a label. Mr. Murray expressed regret that Merrell would have to postpone its schedule for marketing the drug. He asked to be telephoned "if he could help" FDA.

1 February 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey to say that Merrell planned to release the drug for marketing on March 6 and wanted to get the labels printed.

15 February 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Smith, explaining that he was under pressure to "get it through" and that Merrell's vice-president had suggested a trip to Washington to accomplish that purpose.

16 February 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey, told her he had talked to Dr. Smith the day before, and "wondered about" the drug application.

23 February 1961—Dr. Kelsey told Merrell by letter that the drug application was still incomplete. Clinical reports on use of the drug in England had been published in medical journals. These called attention to a serious side effect on the nervous systems of patients who took the drug repeatedly. Assurance against these side effects would have to be supplied by Merrell. Dr. Kelsey asked for a list of the investigators to whom Merrell had given the drug for experimental use. After this letter had been sent, Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey to ask how the drug permit was coming along. Dr. Kelsey told him of the letter she had written about the clinical reports of nervous damage the drug had done. Mr. Murray said Merrell had read these same reports. He pointed out that the company distributing the drug in England had merely put a warning about the nervous damage in brochures that went out with the drug. Dr. Kelsey indicated that such a procedure would not be enough.

2 March 1961—A letter from Merr debated the need for further animal studies on the drug.

Sometime between 2 March 1961 and 30 March 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey to confirm that nervous symptoms did occur with prolonged use of the drug. He asked for an opportunity to see Dr. Kelsey in company with Merrell's medical director.

30 March 1961—Mr. Murray visited both Dr. Kelsey and Miss Geismar, said the nervous side effect was infrequent and rapidly reversible, and pressed Dr. Kelsey for a verbal commitment that a caution on the label would be enough to allow the drug to go on the market. Dr. Kelsey indicated her opinion that since the drug was only a sleeping pill, it ought not to be marketed unless it were free of serious side reactions. After leaving Dr. Kelsey and Miss Geismar, Mr. Murray went to see Dr. Smith. He expressed concern to him about the delay in granting Merrell's application. Later that day, Dr. Kelsey advised Merrell by letter that the application again was considered withdrawn and resubmitted. This was another warning that the drug would not become automatically approved.

5 April 1961—Another letter from Merrell submitted new clinical data, suggested a change in labeling, expressed the opinion that the company had provided adequate documentary proof of the relati safety of the drug, and asked to be ad vised of her decision by telephone as soon as possible.

13 April 1961—Mr. Murray called Dr. Smith and said the Merrell management

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identified in this document, and since existing law does not require the drug houses to notify the government of such experiments, and since physicians taking part in the experiments are not required to tell patients that the patients are being used as experimental subjects, and since physicians are not required by law to report births of abnormal babies, there is no way of knowing how many babies deformed by the drug are now living as helpless and hopeless charges of unwitting parents.

It was only after the epidemic of infant monsterism in Europe became public knowledge in late 1961 and early 1962 that occasional deformed babies were found to have been born of European mothers who took thalidomide as far back as 1957.

There is one armless child in New England, now aged three years, who medical authorities are almost certain is a product of thalidomide's experimental use here. But the baby's mother cannot remember what pills she took during her pregnancy. Can you remember what pills you took four years ago, or even last year?

Troubled parents all over the country have written letters to government offices in Washington by the hundreds since Dr. Kelsey got the medal from the

as described in a memo from FDA's official files

was dissatisfied with Mr. Murray's efforts in "pushing the application."

19 April 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Smith again and said Merrell wanted a "yes or no" decision. He said Merrell's vice-president intended to see U.S. Food and Drug Commissioner George P. Larrick if Dr. Kelsey did not approve the drug soon.

20 April 1961—Merrell submitted a letter arguing that barbiturates now in use have toxic side effects.

5 May 1961—Dr. Kelsey advised Merrell by letter that the application was still incomplete and inadequate, and expressed disappointment that the company apparently had known of the nervous side effects without advising FDA.

9 May 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Smith to say that Merrell considered Dr. Kelsey's letter of four days earlier somewhat libelous." Mr. Murray asked whether the firm was dealing personally with Dr. Kelsey and if so whether her letter was subject to reconsideration. Dr. Smith said the letter should be considered as having come from FDA but offered to reconsider it if the company thought there was sufficient reason.

10 May 1961—Mr. Murray and another representative of Merrell visited Dr. William H. Kessenich, chief of the medical division of FDA, Dr. Smith's immediate superior. The visitors complained about the failure to approve Merrell's application for thalidomide. Dr. Kessenich referred them back to Dr. Smith and Dr. Kelsey, making an appointment for them on the following day.

11 May 1961—Mr. Murray met with Dr. Smith and Dr. Kelsey. Dr. Kelsey explained her concern about the drug's side effects, expressing the opinion that there was a special need for evidence that pregnant women could safely take the drug.

15 May 1961—A letter from Merrell to Dr. Kessenich promised to complete Merrell's application for thalidomide as requested by Dr. Kelsey.

25 May 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Smith and Dr. Kelsey to arrange an appointment to bring in new data.

31 May 1961—Mr. Murray visited Dr. Kelsey, submitted new clinical data, pointed out that the data included assurances that the drug would not harm unborn babies.

8 June 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey to ask how the drug application "was."

10 July 1961—Merrell submitted the manuscript of a technical paper that had been published on thalidomide.

19 July 1961—Merrell submitted additional pharmacological data in support of its application.

26 July 1961—Dr. Kelsey advised Merrell by letter that the application was still incomplete and consequently was being regarded by FDA as withdrawn and resubmitted.

27 July 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey to learn whether she had received the new data.

31 July 1961—Merrell wrote a letter discussing the new data.

2 August 1961—A letter from Merrell pointed out nervous side effects of barbiturates already on the market.

10 August 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey to suggest that she meet with him and a group of investigators of the drug in a Washington hotel. She referred the request to Dr. Kessenich, who agreed to the meeting but specified that it should be held in the FDA offices.

16 August 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey to discuss details of the coming meeting.

23 August 1961—Merrell advised Dr. Kelsey who would attend the meeting.

25 August 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey again about the meeting.

7 September 1961—The meeting was held. It produced little evidence that the drug would be harmless to unborn babies.

12 September 1961—Merrell sent a letter proposing a change in labeling.

13 September 1961—Dr. Kelsey advised Merrell by letter that the drug application was still incomplete and that in particular she was awaiting receipt of the data on safety which had been promised at the 7 September meeting.

18 September 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Kelsey to ask what additional data was required. Dr. Kelsey told him she needed the toxicity data promised at the recent meeting.

26 September 1961—Mr. Murray telephoned Dr. Smith to ask whether it was possible to predict when the drug application would become effective. Merrell wanted to put the drug on the market by the middle of November; to do that, printing of the labels should commence early in October. When Dr. Smith offered no prediction, the telephone call was switched to Dr. Kelsey. Mr. Murray tried to get her to set a deadline for marketing the drug. He wondered if he could give labeling changes on the telephone so that the printing could begin in October and the drug could be on the market by Christmas. Dr. Kelsey said no.

29 September 1961—Merrell sent new data on use of the drug during the later months of pregnancy.

2 October 1961—Merrell sent a letter correcting an accidental omission from its letter of 29 September.

19 October 1961—Merrell sent further data on nervous side effects of the drug.

23 October 1961—A Merrell representative telephoned one of Dr. Kelsey's colleagues in the new drug branch of FDA to ask suggestions on who would be good investigators to study the drug in children.

2 November 1961—Merrell sent changes in labeling and promised further data.

7 November 1961—Dr. Kelsey advised Merrell by letter that the application was still incomplete and consequently was again being considered as withdrawn and resubmitted.

30 November 1961—Mr. Murray called Dr. Kelsey to tell her that the drug had been withdrawn from sale in Germany because of reports of abnormal babies born to women who took the drug in early pregnancy. He expressed hope that the abnormal births would prove to be only coincidental. Dr. Kelsey questioned the safety of the drug in view of the fact that one of its uses was supposed to be in treatment of "morning sickness."

27 December 1961—Dr. Kelsey advised Merrell by letter that the application was still incomplete in absence of data relative to the drug's role in deformities in newborn babies.

8 March 1962—Merrell withdrew its application for sale of the drug in the United States.

14 March 1962—Dr. Kelsey acknowledged withdrawal of the drug application.

11 April 1962—Dr. Kelsey asked Merrell by letter whether the drug was still undergoing investigational use. If so, she asked to be informed what had been done to warn physicians of the dangers of the drug. She asked what measures the company had taken to inform doctors of the association between the drug and fetal abnormalities at the time the association first became known to the firm. She also asked for a complete and up-to-date list of all physicians who had been supplied with the drug for investigational purposes since the experiment began.

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President. Among them is a report of an unexplained crop of deformed babies born in the same block of New York City within a short span of time five or six years ago. All the families in the block patronized the same drug store. Could thalidomide somehow have got into drugstores during its early period of experimental use? Some doctors have sold drugmakers' "samples" of other drugs to druggists, who have got into trouble on resale, sometimes because the labels got mixed up. Or are drugs other than thalidomide, capable of mutilating babies, on the market unknown to physicians?

Appropriate investigation of such questions is a long and tedious process. Without pinpoint documentation of details, firm answers are unlikely. The first set of reliable statistics on infant deformations in the country is only now being compiled in Philadelphia by the Foundation for Medical Research—Perinatal Project. Working on a grant from the American Medical Association, supplemented by other sources interested in drugs, Dr. Sydney Kane, chief of pediatrics at Frankford Hospital, is tabulating, on a high speed computer, voluntary reports of births in 150 hospitals in forty-three of the fifty states, the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico. During the eighteen months ending with 30 June 1962, the number of babies born with any type of abnormality averaged 2.7 in 100,000 births.

This figure will in time become a base for comparative studies. Because there is no way to tell how many isolated cases of thalidomide deformation may be dotted through Dr. Kane's record of the last eighteen months, it would probably take an epidemic of abnormalities to show up clearly in the data.

WHAT are the prospects of an epidemic of this sort arising from Merrell's experiments with thalidomide?

When Merrell applied for an FDA permit to sell the drug on 12 September 1960, the company said its experimenters had been using the drug on human patients since January 1959. In anticipation of sales arising from the experiments, Merrell had originally imported approximately 2,000 kilograms of thalidomide from Chemie Gruenthal, the West German drug house whose employees (Herbert Keller and Willie Kunz) had synthesized the drug in 1953. Later, Merrell itself had manufactured 3,300 kilograms more in this country. Simple addition gives a total of 5,300 kilograms.

On 8 March 1962, when Merrell withdrew its application for a permit to sell the drug, the company had 3,200 kilograms of the 5,300 total in the company warehouses. The 2,100 kilogram balance had gone out to physicians for experimental use.

A kilogram contains 1,000 grams. A gram contains 1,000 milligrams. Therefore, there are 1,000,000 milligrams in a kilogram. In other words, 2,100,000,000 milligrams of thalidomide had been put into the hands of doctors.

When FDA rounded up what was left of the drug in doctors' offices between 27 July 1962 and 21 August, field agents found seventy-nine American physicians with a total of 25,096 unused pills.

The biggest size thalidomide pill that Merrell made contained 200 milligrams. If all the confiscated pills had been that size, the total thus accounted for would have been 5,019,200 milligrams.

What happened to the remaining 2,094,980,800 milligrams that Merrell turned over to the doctors?

Merrell told FDA it was all disposed of by 1,231 physicians who took part in the experiment.

FDA agents turned up thirty-six additional doctors who were not participating in the experiment but nevertheless had thalidomide in their possession and had prescribed it to patients.

"A few investigators," FDA explained, "gave some of the drug to their partners or to other physicians."

FDA's total of the number of patients using the pill was 19,822.

In order for that many patients to account for that much of a drug, each patient would have to take a 200 milligram pill every day for 528 days—the best part of one and a half years.

Merrell says an undisclosed amount of the drug was destroyed by the doctors. Whatever that amount is would have to be deducted from the immense dosage designated above for the experimental patients. On the other hand, it must be recognized that the average dose of thalidomide is not 200 milligrams but perhaps 100 or even 50 milligrams. Merrell made tablets of the stuff in 200 milligrams, 100 milligrams, 50 milligrams, 25 milligrams, 12½ milligrams, 6¼ milligrams and 4 milligrams. It was prescribed as a sleep-inducer, a cough suppressor, a belly-ache quieter, and an antidote for "morning sickness" in pregnancy.

Therefore, the number of doses of thalidomide distributed over the country was considerably greater than the number calculated on the basis of a 200 milligram average dose.

WITH such a broad distribution, some questions logically arise:

At what point does medical experimentation end, and when does sample salesmanship begin?

Was thalidomide actually on the American market in every sense except a sales price?

—Johns Hopkins

Dr. Helen B. Taussig

Could FDA possibly be sure that only 19,822 persons took Merrell's thalidomide pills?

Could the physicians to whom Merrell gave the drug be sure?

One thousand pills were found in the medicine cabinet of a single doctor's office in Virginia months after Merrell called off its experiment with thalidomide.

One doctor in New York kept prescribing thalidomide to a patient and was puzzled by her repeated failure to fill the prescription at a drugstore.

FDA SAYS that 3,760 women of childbearing age, 207 known to be pregnant, got the drug as part of the Merrell experiment and that one of these women may have produced a deformed baby.

Dr. Helen Taussig, of Johns Hopkins University, has authorized me to say that she knows of another deformed baby born of a mother who took some of Merrell's pills. This mother had participated in the thalidomide experiment without the mother's knowledge, her doctor's knowledge, or Merrell's knowledge. She was given the drug by an older person who had received it from a doctor.

"I fear we will learn of others who have taken the drug in the same innocent way," Dr. Taussig told me. Her opinion must be respected not only for the fame of her "blue baby" research but because she is the one physician in this country who knows the German and British experience with thalidomide at first hand. Within days after learning about the epidemic of infant monsterism abroad from a German doctor who visited her Johns Hopkins clinic, she took off on a tour of European hospitals and clinics last spring. She alerted the American medical community to the danger here as

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soon as she learned of the Merrell experiment from FDA upon her return home.

Dr. Taussig believes that even if the prospect of an American epidemic of malformed infants is small, the danger should be faced openly. Women who have reason to suspect the abnormality of embryos now in their wombs could seek X-ray confirmation. Where malformation is apparent, therapeutic abortion is as justifiable in Dr. Taussig's opinion as is therapeutic abortion for mothers attacked by German measles. German measles abortions are legal in most states.

QUALIFIED statisticians familiar with pharmacy not only share Dr. Taussig's concern about malformed babies yet to come, but anticipate worse possibilities than she. One who prefers not to be quoted because of his vulnerable position in the government figures that by Christmas, or by Easter at the latest, between thirty and forty malformed children may be born in this country of women who took thalidomide.

This chilling estimate may be wrong. The man who made it hopes it will turn out to be so. The gods of chance may in the end be kind. Through an incredible piece of luck, American parents may escape any sizeable epidemic of helpless offspring. But during the months of anxious waiting that lie ahead, it will not be reassuring to know that drug experiments on human guinea pigs can be and have been conducted in this country by persons not only inexpert in any particular discipline of healing art but lacking even a medical degree.

The whole business of drug experimenting (and business is a far more accurate word for it than is science under the law as now worded) is turned over to the drugmakers. They pick the experimenters, decide the number of same, and are free to accept or reject anyone's claim to qualifications and facilities. They may begin using drugs on humans before safety has been established through animal tests, and they have the privilege of keeping the patients in ignorance throughout lest knowledge of the guinea pig status have some undesirable psychological effect on the results of the experiment.

FDA need not be, and normally is not, advised of these experiments until a request comes in for a sales permit for the drug.

Considering this quality of drug experimentation, FDA Commissioner Larrick was hardly in position in June 1960 to say that "under the present procedures . . . we . . . will not . . . have . . . a repetition of the type of disaster that brought the new drug section into the law." For it was faulty procedures, not faulty law, that made it possible for the thalidomide experiment to threaten unborn children. The law specifically authorizes administrative regulations to cover drug experiments. The regulations could have been changed at any time Mr. Larrick chose to recommend change. The climate for change has been favorable ever since *SR* exposed the conflict of interest in Dr. Henry Welch's affairs in February 1959.

In the Senate testimony which provoked Commissioner Larrick to enunciate his rash guarantee, Dr. Barbara Moulton said, among other things: "The Commissioner of Food and Drugs is a man with neither legal nor scientific training. The administrative duties [of FDA] are held by a civil servant with no particular background in the field, other than years of association with it. . . . I do not believe that any lay administrator is really in a position to evaluate . . . properly in their full significance . . . the major problems with which the [FDA] agency deals . . . all of a medical nature and exceedingly complex."

"THE next Commissioner of Food and Drugs," she continued, "should be chosen for intellectual integrity, courage, and professional attainments so that he can command the respect and trust of his colleagues. . . . In the present atmosphere, I seriously doubt whether any physician with a background in the pharmaceutical industry will meet these criteria. I strongly urge that one be chosen from the ranks of academic medicine."

Discussion of qualifications for the next Commissioner of Food and Drugs may be premature while the present Commissioner is still in office. However, this post is of such vital import to the general health of the people that consideration of candidates and possibly even a period of preliminary indoctrination and training deserves as much time as circumstances allow. Even if the choice remains where it is now, in his hands, Mr. Larrick cannot continue in office many more years. His health has not been robust for some time. It has interfered importantly with his administrative functioning. The whole course of the Henry Welch case might have been different, for instance, if the Commissioner had not been away from his desk on his doctor's orders when I tried to consult him about Dr. Welch's behavior in January 1959. Furthermore, after thirty-nine years of service in FDA, it is no longer easy for Mr. Larrick to adjust to rapidly escalating standards of performance. When he first became an FDA inspector in Memphis, Tenn., in 1923, the work was macroscopic. Violations of the law were detected by taste, smell, touch, and keen eyesight. Today inspection is microscopic, and requires not only scientific knowledge but a wholly new philosophy. The old dictum of the marketplace was "let the buyer beware;" the new one is "let the seller be responsible."

THE thalidomide case illustrates Commissioner Larrick's difficulty in dealing with the new philosophy.

Germany took thalidomide off the market with stunning suddenness on the last day of November 1961, immediately on confirming the drug's complicity in birth of malformed babies.

England took similar action with equal speed.

U.S. Food and Drug Commissioner Larrick waited for six months and a public uproar before sending out his agents to round up what remained of Merrell's experimental pills in physicians' offices throughout this country.

Only then did FDA discover that some physicians who got the drug from Merrell had given it to other doctors to dispense. These doctors had given it to their patients, and the patients sometimes had passed it on to other patients. Few of the patients knew the dangers of the pills they were taking so freely during this period.

Senator Jacob K. Javits, of New York, among others, did not conceal his astonishment over Mr. Larrick's delay in moving to protect an innocent public. The following colloquoy occurred between the Senator and the Commissioner at the time of Dr. Kelsey's appearance before Senator Humphrey's subcommittee on 1 August 1962.

SENATOR JAVITS: Did the department at any time order these experimental drugs withdrawn?

DR. KELSEY: Mr. Larrick, you can perhaps explain that.

COMMISSIONER LARRICK: We suggest, Senator, and talk to the firms about withdrawing it. We rarely have to order withdrawals.

SENATOR JAVITS: You have the power to order a withdrawal?

COMMISSIONER LARRICK: I think we do, yes.

SENATOR JAVITS: And in this case did you actually order it?

COMMISSIONER LARRICK: No.

SENATOR JAVITS: Was it withdrawn as quickly as you would have ordered it withdrawn, considering the data available?

COMMISSIONER LARRICK: I think the firm proceeded with reasonable diligence to get the drug off the market. I do not think any drug firm, to date, can do as good a job

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—Douglas.

MRS. RUTH G. DESMOND (above) is secretary of the Federation of Homemakers, an organization of women dedicated to reform of the drug laws.

of getting a drug completely off the market as we can. And in spite of the fact that they tried very hard, we have, within the last few days, still found some of the drug on the market.

SENATOR JAVITS: When you say "as we can," would you have issued an order that everybody was to turn this drug in—could the FDA have done that?

COMMISSIONER LARRICK: I think we could have brought about a situation where, if we had gone to all the distributors ourselves, it would have been. But I am not quarreling with what the firm did.

SENATOR JAVITS: But we would like to know why you did not do it. Why did you not do it? You got the first intelligence [of a serious side effect thalidomide had on the nervous system of some habitual users of the drug] in February 1961. Apparently the case [for infant monsterism] was conclusively proved to the satisfaction of the very wonderful doctor in charge, Dr. Kelsey, by November 1961. Then . . .?

COMMISSIONER LARRICK: It [thalidomide's threat to unborn babies] was not conclusively proved at that stage.

SENATOR JAVITS: When was it [proved]?

COMMISSIONER LARRICK: There was strong circumstantial—there would be people that would give you an argument about it now. There is no question in our minds. But there are people, whose opinions have a right to some weight, who would say that the problem here has been exaggerated. Nevertheless, the drug is off the market.

SENATOR JAVITS: Well, now, Dr. Kelsey, did you feel that all of these actions were taken with due diligence—that is, as diligently as one could under the circumstances?

DR. KELSEY: Well, my understanding was that, when the drug was still in the investigational stage, the onus was on the company, and that our authority did not extend there.

AT the time the Kefauver committee was taking testimony on the Henry Welch case in 1960, persons sympathetic to the dilemma Mr. Larrick found himself in near the close of a long career pointed out to him that he could retire on a comfortable pension at any time he chose to ask medical disability. He said he would not retire under fire. Since then, the fire has intensified.

The Welch case is now before a Federal grand jury in Washington.

A Federal grand jury is also investigating the circumstances under which the American patent licensee for thalidomide, the William S. Merrell Company, obtained an FDA permit to sell MER-29. MER-29 was touted as a quick solution for vascular problems. By reducing cholesterol in the blood, the propaganda said, the drug would reduce danger of heart attacks. By November 1961, FDA knew of four patients who developed cataracts of the eyes after taking MER-29. Not until April 1962, however, was the drug withdrawn from the market. "In retrospect," Commissioner Larrick's deputy, John Harvey, told the American Bar Association in San Francisco on 8 August 1962, "it is apparent that the drug should not have gone on the market in the first place."

Three other recent drug policing tragedies also were reported by Mr. Harvey in his San Francisco speech:

A skeletal muscle relaxant that had been on the market since 1956 was withdrawn after FDA discovered that the drugmaker concealed deaths from the drug for five years.

In October 1961, FDA learned of blood disorders associated with use of a mild tranquilizer that had been on sale since April 1960. Subsequent inquiry showed that the maker of this drug knew of eleven cases of injury and three deaths from the drug but had not reported them to FDA.

In January 1962, FDA first learned of blood disorders caused by a psychic energizer in use since April 1961. This drug had caused four deaths that the FDA had no prior advice of.

SOMETHING is wrong with a marketing system that depends largely on profits from useless cures. Physicians say that patients are to blame for seeking miracles. However, the search does not begin with the patients. They are roused by misleading propaganda.

Thus, in one way or another, high pressure tactics are seen to be practiced generally in the drug industry, and FDA's proposed changes in the regulations governing experimental drugs (they are only proposals; they are not in effect) fall far short of promising to control the situation.

Any person who takes a drug should be guaranteed the right to choose whether or not he is to be experimented upon. He should be guaranteed the knowledge that if he does choose to submit to experiment, the medicine he takes will first have been found safe for use in animals metabolically as comparable to himself as possible. He should be guaranteed that his government knows what is going on, and judges that the experiment is worth the risk of a citizen's health and life. He should be guaranteed that as soon as the government suspects any danger, the experiment will be stopped—by the government, not left to some interested party to terminate at will—and that he will be advised of the action at once so that he may take whatever protective measures prudence suggests.

DRUGMAKERS should not be free to withhold vital information about their drugs until FDA demands it; they should be required to submit reports periodically, and they should be subject to stiff penalties for failure to comply. Nor should anyone be allowed to receive supplies of an experimental drug from a drugmaker on the strength of a simple claim of expertize; qualifications ought to be defined in the law or the regulations, the definition ought to include possession of an M.D. degree and much more (see the Research Frontier, page 44), and the physicians' statements should be sworn in order to make the penalties for perjury applicable if the statements are false.

Drugmakers should not be allowed to continue to sell in other countries drugs that have been withdrawn from sale in our own country. Nor should they or physicians associated with them be permitted to use the peoples of other lands as guinea pigs merely because those peoples are less well informed and hence more tractable than our own.

Modern man sooner or later must return to sober consideration of himself as a creature shaped by his environment. Safe and effective drugs should be part of the heritage he passes on to his children, along with clean air, pure water, and food free of cancer-provoking contaminants. Unless it exercises its conscience, the science of chemistry could consign us to a withering and shrinking destiny.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXVIII

THE FEMININE CONSCIENCE OF FDA: DR. FRANCES OLDHAM KELSEY

She Followed a Tradition that Only Seems New . . . that of the Reasoning Woman

INVITATIONS to the White House are not easily come by. A citizen who unexpectedly finds himself in position to ask a dozen others to go along and meet the President is bound to pick the dozen from those he holds in deepest regard and respect. Therefore, the character of Dr. Frances Oldham Kelsey may be illuminated by examining the list of guests who accompanied her to the 7 August 1962 ceremony at which President John F. Kennedy clasped about her neck a ribbon dangling the Distingushed Federal Civilian Service Medal.

As everyone who can read or hear surely knows by now, Dr. Kelsey is e Canadian-born medical officer of ue U. S. Food and Drug Administration who refused to approve American marketing of thalidomide, the hypnotic drug that somehow makes armless, legless and otherwise monstrous cripples of babies born to women who take the drug "to get a good night's sleep" during early pregnancy.

Dr. Kelsey did not actually have a full dozen White House invitations to dispense. But she did receive ten a few days in advance of her bemedalling, and, by special dispensation at the last minute, she got an eleventh.

Dr. Kelsey gave the first invitation to her husband, Ellis Kelsey, Ph.D, a pharmacology professor turned public health officer, who, among many other things, had sat up nights with her in September of 1960 trying in vain to understand the chemical analysis which the William S. Merrell Company had submitted to FDA in support of an application for permission to sell thalidomide.

The next two White House invitations went to the teen-age daughters Frances Kelsey had borne to Ellis: Susan and Christine.

The fourth, fifth and sixth invitations .. Kelsey gave to her brothers, John and Stewart Oldham, and to Stewart's daughter, Nancy.

The seventh invitation went to Mrs. Esther McGuire, an old friend of the Kelseys.

—*Wide World*

Dr. Frances Oldham Kelsey

Recipient of the eighth invitation was Dr. Kelsey's onetime professor at the University of Chicago: Dr. E. M. K. Geiling, a pioneer in pharmacological science in America.

Those eight choices were the sort anyone might be expected to make. The immediate family, an old family friend, and a revered teacher. Who would deserve the remaining three places in such company?

Dr. Kelsey's ninth, tenth and eleventh invitations to the White House went to three physician colleagues in Federal government service: Dr. Barbara Moulton, Dr. John Nestor, and Dr. Irwin Siegel.

Why those three?

Dr. Moulton is already a familiar figure to readers of *SR*. Her account of her harassed life as an officer of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration was told in *SR*/Research for July 1960 under the title: "The Drugmakers and the Government—Who Makes the Decisions?" Member of a family long distinguished in American science (her father was founding director of the Brookings Institution, an uncle for many years was operating head of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and for a period only one other family name appeared more often than the Moulton name in "Who's Who in America"), Dr. Moulton had preceded Dr. Kelsey in the FDA post Dr. Kelsey now occupies. After fighting to keep worthless and dangerous drugs off the American market, sometimes being overruled by her official superiors, and finally acceding to a transfer in jobs before realizing that she had been moved to please a drug house, Dr. Moulton quit FDA in disgust in 1960 and related her experiences from a U. S. Senate witness stand during the Kefauver investigation of drug abuses. Following that she made a special study of drugs for the Kefauver committee, took a scientific evaluation job with the Federal Trade Commission, became a personal friend of Dr. Kelsey, and privately coached Dr. Kelsey on ways and means of avoiding some of the political booby traps Dr. Moulton herself had previously fallen into.

By inviting Dr. Moulton to the White House ceremony, Dr. Kelsey, a modest woman, was plainly saying: "Maybe you are the one who really should be getting this medal from the President."

Natural enough.

Now the other two government physicians among Dr. Kelsey's guests —what had they done to win her affection?

Curiously, newspaper, radio and TV commentators have ignored this question. Yet the answer is of considerable importance to a country now in the midst of a desperate struggle to escape the perils of antiquated drug control laws. When one of the newest recruits in FDA's ranks receives from the President of the United States one of the highest honors the President has in his power to bestow—an honor that logically should have gone to her more experienced superiors—it is appropriate to inquire how she managed to make herself felt effectively from so low a level. She could not have done it alone. Who helped her?

Dr. Kelsey was not nominated for the President's Distinguished Federal Civilian Service Medal by her im-

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mediate superior, Dr. Ralph Smith, or by Dr. Smith's superior, Dr. William H. Kessenich, or by Dr. Kessenich's superior, FDA Commissioner Larrick. The nomination came originally from Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, immediately seconded by the four other Democratic Senators on the drug investigating committe, and later seconded again by the entire membership —Democrat and Republican alike—of the Senate Government Operations Subcommittee chaired by the Hon. Hubert Humphrey, Democratic party whip. Aside from Dr. Moulton, who helped Dr. Kelsey when she needed help?

The recipient of her tenth invitation to the White House, Dr. John Nestor, works on the same administrative level of FDA as Dr. Kelsey herself. He is a physician in the new drug branch of the medical division of FDA. He, too, is a fighter. To insiders, he and Dr. Kelsey are known as "the young Turks of the FDA." "Some people ask whether the name fits me properly," Dr. Kelsey says wistfully. She is 48 years old. "Perhaps I am young in spirit."

The holder of the eleventh of Dr. Kelsey's invitations, Dr. Irwin Siegel, is deputy director of the medical division of FDA. Throughout Dr. Kelsey's ordeal, Dr. Siegel stood between her superior, new drug branch chief Dr. Smith, and Dr. Smith's superior, medical division director Dr. Kessenich. When asked about his role in the thalidomide affair, Dr. Siegel temporizes with such remarks as: "I am happy indeed to see Dr. Kelsey's work recognized."

It is interesting that the medical division director, Dr. Kessenich, has chosen this moment in time to resign from FDA in order to take a lesser and more exhausing job in a Veterans Administration hospital. His friends are puzzled by his explanation that he feared continuance in FDA would overstrain his heart.

IT is even more interesting that FDA Commissioner Larrick should choose the new drug branch chief, Dr. Smith, as acting replacement for Dr. Kessenich. For the FDA's own chronology of the thalidomide case (see pages 36 and 37) shows that Dr. Smith gave the drug company repeated access to Dr. Kelsey three months after Commissioner Larrick assured the Senators that such openings for fraternization between FDA officials and agents of the drugmakers did not occur. And in an unchallenged passage of her Senate testimony of 1960, Dr. Moulton said that Dr. Smith had unexpectedly joined a meeting between herself and four drug company delegates and had on the spot released a new drug for sale "without proof of safety for chronic use, and without waiting for completion of the pharmacological studies." Dr. Moulton told the Senators she was "reasonably sure" Dr. Smith "had not at that time reviewed the data in the new drug application but was acting solely on instructions from above."

UNDER the usual rules of internal promotion in Federal government agencies, Dr. Siegel would have been given an opportunity to fill Dr. Kessenich's place. The announcement that Dr. Siegel had been passed over in favor of Dr. Smith was given to the press by Mr. Larrick's office just one day before Dr. Siegel appeared at the White House as a guest of Dr. Kelsey: one of the eleven people she most wanted to share her pleasure over an accolade from the President.

Is Dr. Kelsey discouraged by any of this? If so, she is hiding the signs. She professes not to notice that anyone in FDA is out of tune with her own sense of dedication to protection of the drug consumer. The last time she stopped to count, there were upwards of 600 letters on the table inside the front door of her home on Brookside Drive in Kenwood, a Maryland suburb of Washington, D.C.; most of them were from women cheering her on, telling her where to look for clues to drug law conundrums she might have missed in her readir of the medical literature. Every one those letters is going to be answered, either by a personal note, or by referral to FDA and other agencies which have power to inquire and to act. For Dr. Kelsey knows that the female of the species really is more deadly than the male when the female chooses to sting. And she remembers the decisive role that other women played in hanging that medal around her neck.

There was, first of all, the woman reader of *SR* who asked *SR's* Science Editor to compile a census of antibiotics, and so broke the case of Henry Welch. The Welch case brought Dr.

—*Democratic National Committee*

U.S. Rep. Leonor Sullivan

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Moulton off the family farm in West Virginia to throw her weight behind all-out reform in the drug laws. Following a feminine bent to seek advice from another female, Dr. Moulton went to Congresswoman Leonor Sullivan of Missouri, who had been trying for ten years to stir interest in a new law that would protect women from the chemical dangers of cosmetics and the mechanical perils of purportedly protective devices as well as from the hazards of unfamiliar drugs. Through Congresswoman Sullivan, Dr. Moulton reached the Kefauver committee in the Senate, where she teamed her talents as an outsider with two government insiders of formidable talent: Dr. Irene Till, an economist noted for her association with the late Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, and Mrs. Lucille Went, a patent attorney, one of the few persons anywhere who knows which chemical names fit the myriad trade names of drugs.

KNOWING that Dr. Moulton had resigned the FDA post she now occupied, Dr. Kelsey attended the Kefauver drug hearings to hear her predecessor's testimony. In this way the two women met. They liked each other, and quickly became friends.

Dr. Moulton's formal contact on the Kefauver committee staff was Dr. Lappes Wayles Browne, Jr., who reports to chief staff economist Dr. John Blair. In time, Drs. Moulton and Browne discovered they had other common interests than drugs. But courting was difficult because Dr. Browne was newly divorced and because hardly anyone outside the Kefauver committee was talking to Dr. Moulton at that point in time. Dr. Kelsey solved the problem by inviting the lovestruck pair to the Kelsey house for dinners and evenings of talk.

These evenings were as comforting to Dr. Kelsey as they were to her guests. For Dr. Kelsey had many moments of feeling rather alone after the Merrell application for thalidomide reached her FDA desk in September 1960. She recognized her own experiences as a parallel to the experiences Dr. Moulton had described on the witness stand, and she wondered whether she could escape Dr. Moulton's fate. At one point, when a Merrell representative questioned whether Dr. Kelsey had libeled Merrell, she sought legal advice.

She had her husband's support, of course, and it was much more than husband usually can give. For as a pharmacologist, Dr. Ellis Kelsey could follow and confirm his wife's reasoning step by step. First the puzzling chemistry of the drug, then the unsatisfying tests on animals—none of which it put

—*Harris & Ewing*

Dr. Barbara Moulton

to sleep, then the discovery in England that habitual use of the drug brought peripheral paralysis to some people, and finally the awful truth about the malformed babies.

After the struggle was past and Merrell had withdrawn its application for permission to sell the drug commercially, Dr. Kelsey felt she had lived through a fairy tale. It was hard for her to believe that she, Frances Kelsey, had accurately predicted, on theoretical grounds, that because thalidomide caused paralysis of peripheral nerves in those who took the drug habitually, the drug probably would cause greater damage to the developing human embryo. Great scientists did such things. But "Frankie" Kelsey?

Most women who afterward read or heard about what she had done lacked the scientific background to appreciate her accomplishment. They really didn't care about the science of it; what mattered to them was the heartbreak of helpless babies. They were all for Dr. Kelsey. The male politicians of Washington did not at first understand this. They saw an aura of partisan politics around Senator Kefauver's proposal for a Presidential medal for Dr. Kelsey. And Dr. Kelsey's name was missing from the original White House list of those who were to receive the Distinguished Federal Civilian Service award.

AT that point, a woman who grasped both the human and scientific implications decided to act. The aforementioned Mrs. Lucille Went, having left the Kefauver committee staff for a post on the Federal Trade Commission, risked crossing the party line of a Democratic administration in Washington and took the story to a Republican Senator from her home state, South Dakota: the Hon. Karl E. Mundt. Mrs. Went pointed out to the Senator that Dr. Frances Kelsey and her family had lived in South Dakota for eight years prior to moving to Washington, and that the Kelseys still maintained a home in Vermillion, S.D., as a voting address.

Senator Mundt is not one to slight a worthy constituent of either political party. When Dr. Kelsey appeared before Senator Humphrey's Government Operations Subcommittee, Mr. Mundt took over the stage to acknowledge South Dakota's particular debt to her. He lauded her as "friend to over 50,000 South Dakota residents" whom she had served as a family doctor: citizens of "Lemmon, in Perkins County; Faith, in Meade County; Philip, in Haakon County; Martin, in Bennett County; Pierre, in Hughes County; Gregory and Burke, in Gregory County; Armour, in Douglas County; and Vermillion, in Clay County, the seat and the home of the University of South Dakota Medical School."

Before that hearing day was over, Dr. Kelsey's symbolic value was plain to the whole membership of Senator Humphrey's subcommittee, and Mr. Humphrey led the group in seconding Senator Kefauver's nomination of her for the Presidential medal.

As *The New York Times* has noted, Dr. Kelsey's triumph over a powerful drug house "points up the fact that all important government decisions do not flow from plush offices with wall-to-wall carpeting." She works in a bare-floored room in a rickety barrack that has been "temporary" quartering for FDA since World War II; the walls are tattered with faded green paint; there are blinds but no curtains at the windows; desk and tables are piled with books and papers, in the manner of a place accustomed to long and intense concentration.

ENTIRELY apart from her demonstration that science can fulfill—and thrill in the fulfilling of—its social responsibility to a democratic people, many women will love Dr. Kelsey because of her personal candor. She admits she doesn't like housework. She would rather read or play tennis. She isn't a good cook (at least not in her own estimation), yet she cheerfully prepares the meals for the family and finds some pride in a relative lack of complaints of indigestion.

Dr. Kelsey has been a naturalized citizen of the United States since 1955. But she still betrays many signs of her birth on Vancouver Island, where the citizenry is more British than the British. She is altogether reserved, wears her hair short and straight and her heels broad and flat. Her faith in the goodness of people sometimes leads her into moments of naivete. However, like others who share her shyness, she can wreak havoc on those who expect either fear or gullibility.

—WILL JONATHAN.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Medically, who knows? Although public health and sanitation measures are more responsible for the extension of man's life span than new medicines are, the propaganda of the drugmakers creates a different impression and people look to drugs for ever newer miracles. This confronts the physician with a serious problem in maintaining the faith of his patients. Entirely by chance, the "Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine" published a report of the Academy's Committee on Public Health in June 1962, only a few weeks before the thalidomide scandal broke publicity. Concerned with the clinical testing of drugs, this document expresses opinions related to the integrity of medicine that no lay politician would dare admit to holding. Excerpts are reproduced below by special permission of the New York Academy of Medicine and the Academy Bulletin.

BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC HEALTH

New York Academy of Medicine

IT is a question who will take the initiative toward improving the situation in clinical testing of drugs.

Unless the Food and Drug Administration reverses its policy, it is not likely to take the lead. To avoid interfering with the practice of medicine, it has refrained from setting standards of qualifications for clinical testers. For additional reasons the pharmaceutical manufacturers are not likely to take the initiative in seeking to improve clinical investigations of new drugs. Such an activity might be construed as an admission on their part of the need of improvement in clinical testing, which they are not inclined to admit openly at this time. . . . With these defaults, if anyone speaks out for improvement of clinical testing of new drugs, it will have to be the physicians. After all, testing is ultimately their responsibility.

Once the Committee was convinced that the present level of clinical testing really and significantly needed improvement, it was more interested in finding ways of bringing that about than in dwelling on shortcomings. Its discussions ranged over three topics: the professional qualifications of the clinical tester, including his responsibility, training, experience and attitude, with standards and provisions for supervision and control of them; the adequacy of supply of qualified clinical testers; the system of bringing together the pharmaceutical manufacturer and the clinical investigator. But mostly consideration centered upon the essential professional qualifications of clinical investigators.

Several proposals were considered but were not adopted.

1. That a national central office on testing be established which would arrange to conduct and supervise the testing of all products. This idea was stamped as likely to convert the largely free and voluntary present system into one big closed shop with a strong possibility of becoming bureaucratic in its operation. On that count it was believed that it might not be viewed approvingly by either the pharmaceutical manufacturers or the clinicians. In addition, it would probably be even more unattractive to the manufacturer to have one central testing establishment working on products from competitive companies. Protection of proprietary interests is a big and ever present concern of the industry.

2. That a national referral agency be established with a national file of clinical investigators with their qualifications. This proposal differed from that of the national testing agency in that the referral agency would not conduct testing. Its purpose would be to bring together the pharmaceutical company with a new product and a clinical investigator. This agency would be similar if not identical to the Committee on Therapeutic Trials of the A.M.A., established in 1946 for the same purpose. Although the idea has intrinsic merit, it did not succeed then. Reasons for its failure should be studied carefully before embarking upon the same course again.

3. That clinical testing be formally and professionally recognized as a medical specialty by establishment of a Board with requirements and certification. Conceivably this development will come. Clinical investigation of drugs does require special training. But in view of the present number of Boards, it would be premature to move hurriedly in the direction of further increase. Certainly some measure that may be applied more rapidly is needed until formal establishment of a Board occurs. But above all, there is no assurance that a Board of Clinical Investigation of Drugs would suffice. It would cover the qualifications, but it would not provide the constant close supervision needed.

4. That the Committe should draft a set of standard procedures for the design and conduct of clinical investigation of a drug. But the procedure varies so widely with the properties of the product under test and the disorders for which it is being administered that a definitive account would take a large treatise or set of monographs. There is already an extensive literature available on the various aspects and phases of clinical investigation of drugs which would seem to be ample if its contents were put into practice. For these reasons the Committee believed that preparation of a manual would not effectively meet the need.

RESPONSIBILITY for clinical observations and the collection of data concerning the action of new drugs is divided between those who carry out the first clinical trials and the manufacturer. The focus is on the clinical investigator: his sense of responsibility, his training and experience. His sense of responsibility affects both the quantity and quality of drug testing. Upon his realization of the necessity and importance of clinical testing may depend his very willingness to engage in it. Besides determining his attitude toward undertaking testing, his sense of duty also influences his conduct of the investigation. He should not consent to conduct clinical testing just out of a desire to satisfy his curiosity about the effect of a drug or as a means of maintaining and supporting his clinical facilities. He is assuming a responsibility of providing the basis for information which will determine whether a drug is ready for marketing as judged by its efficacy and relative safety. This information will be disseminated to the medical profession so that physicians may use the drug effectively and safely.

With the clinical testing of a drug begins the collection of data of immediate importance to the practicing physician. In the development of a drug this phase of investigation has several focal points: first, the therapeutic efficacy of the

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preparation: second, its safety; third, significant untoward reactions: and fourth, contra-indications to its use.

IT is obvious that the professional qualifications and competence of the investigator are probably the weightiest influence in determining the quality of clinical testing. It is equally true that the specifications for the professional competence of a clinical investigator should be set down as precisely as possible and formulated in standards. These criteria should accord with the intent of the law in its use of the terms "experts on the safety of drugs" and should further include the newer conceptions of the professional training required to become a proficient clinical investigator. It is important that the pharmaceutical industry, the medical profession, and the Food and Drug Administration should recognize that clinical investigation is a specialty that requires more training and experience than is provided in meeting the minimum requirements for an M.D. degree.

It is possible to write and establish basic standards of professional qualifications of clinical investigators. But rather than formulate standards, the Committee decided that it could be most helpful by suggesting practical and effective means of supervision and control over clinical testing which would inherently include application of and attention to qualifications of the investigators. In fact, for effectiveness both standards and supervision are needed. There are three points where supervision and control may be put into effect:

1. Clinical investigations are most frequently conducted on patients in facilities. The institution in which, or an organization under which, studies are conducted is generally the same: a hospital. In his use of the facilities and service to patients, the clinical investigator and his work are subjected to approval, supervision, and control by the institution. It has a responsibility for its patients. It must therefore pass upon the professional qualifications of its staff members and approve and supervise their professional activities.

Hence, in clinical investigation of drugs, the institution or organization should vouch for the professional qualifications of the tester and his competence for each proposed study, approve the arrangements for the study, and supervise and control its conduct. If it is a teaching hospital, the appropriate department will ordinarily have almost if not complete autonomy in the conduct of studies. In unaffiliated hospitals a research committee usually exercises control and supervision over research and testing. In studies in the field, a medical advisory committee exercises the same function.

This proposal envisions wider application of an existing function and practice of the hospital in relation to its professional staff. It provides a ready means for applying standards of professional qualification of the investigator and supervising the conduct of the study.

2. In the testing of drugs, it is the pharmaceutical company that seeks and employs the clinical investigator. If studies on animals indicate that a preparation seems to be sufficiently promising and safe it is turned over to the Medical Director, who arranges for clinical testing and subsequently informs management of the results. On this basis management decides whether to enter the promotional phase.

In these transactions the Medical Director of a pharmaceutical company is a key executive. He is in a strategic position to pass upon the professional qualifications of the testers which his company engages. Besides selection of the investigators, a number of other functions should be the duty of and under the authority of the Medical Director. These are: approval of the clinical study; keeping informed about its progress; determining whether the testing has been properly conducted and the results are acceptable; and finally, deciding whether a new drug is ready for application. These functions should not be misconstrued. It is definitely not proposed that the Medical Director should plan and conduct the study. But he should be kept currently informed about what is contemplated, what is being done, and what is occurring; and not learn for the first time after the study is over about its plan, execution, and outcome.

For these activities the Medical Director needs status and authority such as he does not now have in some companies. Furthermore, for these duties and this authority he himself should have professional qualifications that include training and experience in the field of clinical testing.

These are some of the professional requirements that a Medical Director should possess:

He should be a good clinician in order to determine the type of patient to whom a preparation may be safely administered. He should be aware of special hazards that may be encountered in the presence of unrelated diseases or complications, and should know the usual duration of symptoms when untreated or treated by related agents. He ought to possess sufficient knowledge of pharmacology in order to be aware of the functions or organs that may be unexpectedly affected by the drug under investigation. He should be competent in the design and conduct of a study and analysis of its results. And finally, he should know of the available competent clinical investigators and their professional qualifications. He should also be informed about the list of facilities suitable for studies. In his selection of testers he should exercise the highest standards.

THE Committee on Public Health is of the opinion that the pharmaceutical industry should re-examine its method of selection of its Medical Directors. It is suggested that the companies should adopt standards of qualified Medical Directors and observe these standards in employing them. It should scrutinize their training and experience. It should formulate their duties and responsibilities with supervision of testing and selection of the investigators as a foremost activity. The companies should then invest the Medical Directors with all authority necessary to discharge their heavy responsibility. Thus by proper qualifications, responsibility and authority of the Medical Directors, the level of clinical investigations would be raised.

Such a system would be equally beneficial to the industry and to the public. On the one hand, money would not continue to be poured into useless or highly toxic pharmaceutical preparations. On the other hand, potentially useful products would not be lost through ineptness during the investigative phase. Finally, the safety of the public would have a higher degree of guarantee.

3. There are two ways to bring about an increase in the number of qualified clinical testers. One is to appeal to the sense of responsibility of those clinicians who are qualified for testing but are not engaged in it. Privately it is said that pharmaceutical manufacturers complain that some of the loudest critics of clinical testing are clinicians of unquestioned competence in testing who refuse to undertake it. On the other hand, much of the reluctance to undertake testing is said to be engendered by the practices of the pharmaceutical companies in producing a seemingly endless number of congeners [molecular variations] and mixtures. Testing these products is not regarded as challenging. Detection of significant differences from existing compounds is likely to be difficult and the outcome less than rewarding.

If the profession is to have new drugs, it must test them. It is the responsibility of the qualified members, and each should carry his share of the responsibility.

Secondly, to increase the number of testers, more should be trained. Establishment of departments of clinical testing in medical schools, which was started a few years ago, should be encouraged. Fellowships in the clinical investigation of drugs should be provided.

Financial support of these projects is a proper activity of the pharmaceutical industry. But the money should be awarded through an organization with no strings attached.

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"ON TIME" MOONBOAT

AT 11.30 A.M. (Moscow time) on Saturday, 11 August 1962, Soviet Air Force Major Adrian Nikolayev took off from the Siberian desert in the spaceship Vostok III to orbit earth. Because the planet was turning beneath him, the major could not be back to his starting point until the same time on the following day. On the ground behind him, Lieut. Col. Pavel Popovich was assigned to wait until that time and then take off in another spaceship, Vostok IV, on a course that would put him directly behind and in sight of Major Nikolayev.

To accomplish his mission, Colonel Popovich had to leave exactly twenty-eight minutes before the half hour on which Major Nikolayev had left. And Vostok IV took off at 11.02 a.m. (Moscow time) on Sunday, 12 August.

The Colonel may have been ten or fifteen seconds behind schedule, but he couldn't have been more than that or he would have missed the connection. For the Major was traveling at a speed of five miles per second, and in a single minute he would have been 300 miles away.

Nothing remotely comparable to this performance of the two Russian cosmonauts (who came back to earth within six minutes of each other four days later —five days after Major Nikolayev left) has been done in America. The promptest rocket launch times on record here are minutes behind schedule, and the usual lag between timetable and reality runs into hours.

The Soviet superiority in timing undoubtedly reflects the Kremlin's inability to match the extravagance of the White House. Forced to "make do" with what they had, the Russian scientists used the same rocket components and component systems repeatedly, with the improvement in efficiency and dependability that usually results from such experience.

Responsible officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (as opposed to the moon-race extremists) are frankly admiring of the "on time" exploit of the Nikolayev-Popovich team and the engineering skill it signifies. Injection of the Soviet spaceships into closely neighboring orbits also demonstrated noteworthy precision. But this is something rocket experts here feel is quite within present American capability, even though no proof exists. The confidence comes mainly from the last two Tiros satellites the U. S. Weather Bureau put up to study the cloudtops. Their orbits were very close to identical, with no special concentration on making them so.

Several conclusions about the tandem space voyage of the Russians can be drawn, despite the paucity of information released by the Soviet government:

1. It was a practice trip.

The purpose was the one the Russians stated: to put two spaceships aloft in sufficiently close proximity to effect rendezvous, and to track and control both spaceships simultaneously with the help of a few electronically equipped trawlers spotted around the planet's international waters, and to permit free and full communication between the spaceship occupants in preparation for the time when they would observe and advise each other in maneuvers required for coupling their craft.

2. It was an expression of confidence in the Soviet's continuing lead in space travel technology.

Like the Americans, the Russians originally intended to reach the moon in one swoop. They could just about make it with their present launching rocket if they used the launcher repeatedly to send the return-trip essentials to the moon and assemble them automatically before sending human explorers. If the Kremlin had felt any real threat of being passed by the Americans, they would have concentrated exclusively on the original plan and attempted the voyage in the next few years. But, seeing how far behind the Americans are, the Russians decided they had time to take an option. Without abandoning their original plan, they would adapt it to allow another experiment concurrently. The new experiment called for rendezvous of several rockets in orbit near the earth, followed by onward voyage to the moon with a return-trip rocket and return-trip fuel aboard.

3. The rendezvous practice voyage of Major Nikolayev and Colonial Popovich means that work on a bigger rocket, capable of twinning and thus carrying the round-trip cargo, was started two or three years ago, and has now progressed to the point that Soviet scientists are confident of its performance. Otherwise the Soviets would not have made the practice trip.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

LUNARCY

NOT ONLY does Dr. Warren Weaver's short article, "What a Moon Ticket Will Buy," (*SR*, August 4) point out a shocking comparison, but it also illustrates the extreme in short essayism.

Dr. Weaver has made us all think a bit more concretely about our part in the race for space, and *SR* has again come forth with a neat, crisp, and informative article.

LOUIS LARREY, JR.
New London, Connecticut

CLOUDY WEATHER

WHILE I AM DELIGHTED to see any new hypothesis that serves notice to firmly entrenched theories that their tenure is only an illusion, I must at the same time regard the newcomer with honest skepticism until his credentials have been completely and thoroughly examined. And so it is with the sweeping hypothesis advanced by Dr. F. W. Went (SR/July 7).

Upon examining his evidence as presented by you and by Dr. Went in his original paper I can only conclude that his novel hypothesis is, in part, in direct contradiction with one of the most firmly established principles of classical physics; namely, that electric charges are not created, they are only separated. Thus when Dr. Went maintains that the net positive charge of the atmosphere originates from airborne, electrically neutral, terpene molecules that suddenly acquire a positive charge when sunlight shines on them. I insist on asking just what he has done with the equal negative charge that *must* have been expelled from the molecule. For until he gets rid of the negatively charged particles the net charge of the air has not been increased in the positive sense one single bit. To be sure, his process might cause an increase in the number of positive and negative small ions in the air but then high energy cosmic rays do the same thing continuously at the rate of 160 ion pairs per cubic inch per second.

And, finally, I should point out that your account of Dr. Went's work presents credentials that even Dr. Went does not claim. At one point you state that the positive charging of the atmosphere by terpenes has been measured and was found to "—jump fourfold soon after dawn *over vegetated areas only.*" If you refer to Dr. Went's original paper I'm sure you'll agree with me that this is only his reasoning as to what *might* occur.

DUNCAN C. BLANCHARD
Woods Hole, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's Science Editor reported Dr. Went as having written a statement of fact: that the positive electrical charge observable in the air above the earth—known as the "fair weather potential"—has been measured and has be found to jump fourfold soon after dau over vegetated areas only. The sentence preceding this statement of fact was intended to be understood as Dr. Went's opinion, but it is possible to read the meaning Dr. Blanchard has read, and the Sci-*

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ence Editor apologizes for ambiguous phrasing.

Dr. Went's comment on Dr. Blanchard's letter follows:

"John Lear's interpretation of my suggestion concerning the energy production in thunderstorms and tornadoes is much clearer than I could have put it myself. The objection of Duncan Blanchard against my suggestion is of very fundamental importance. I gladly admit that I never should have made a concrete suggestion as to the basis of positive charge formation in the atmosphere. But let us face the fact—not contradicted by Duncan Blanchard, and usually disregarded by physicists interpreting atmospheric electricity—that according to all recorded measurements, and contrary to all physical theory, there is a continuous formation of positive charge in the atmosphere, unaccompanied by equivalent negative charge production. This positive charge formation increases several-fold a few hours after sunrise, only over land areas according to well-accredited physicists, whereas over the oceans this does not occur. I believe that the facts on which I based my analysis are correct, and the major objective I had was to point out the remarkable parallelism between thunderstorms and areas where volatile organic matter is released by vegetation."

MATTER OF FACT

I AM SOMEWHAT disturbed by Professor [Charles] Osgood's scientific logic as applied to his "peace race" which is reported in Personality Portrait LXXIV (May 5, 1962). He states that the "peace race" would work because Russia would fear the hostile feelings which would develop in America if she did not cooperate. I feel that the Russian atomic test series in 1961 is factual proof that Professor Osgood's logic does not hold. Russia carried out the tests without provocation (as evidenced by our lack of preparation for testing) and without concern for the obvious hostility it would generate in America.

WILLIAM H. KUEHNLE
New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Osgood replies:*

"John Lear's 'Personality Portrait' was not designed, nor did it have the space, to give a detailed exposition of my proposal for graduated and reciprocated initiatives in tension-reduction. Beyond the reason for Soviet reciprocation he mentioned, the following should be added: Russian fear of a hot nuclear war (they lost 20 million in World War II); their fear of a rearmed Germany, particularly with nuclear weapons; their concern about the burgeoning new giant of the East, Red China.

"As to the breaking of the informal moratorium on nuclear weapons testing by the Soviets, I think that if one takes into account the fact that they had conducted about half as many tests as the West, the fact that they were behind us in weapons development (as President Kennedy stated), and the fact that we were threatening to break the ban ourselves at the time—then their action becomes understandable, although neither morally nor rationally defensible."

American Myths

(*Continued from page* 8)

most effectively described by novelists and poets is usually that of their youth, not the world of their mature years. They change with the times, but never as fast as the times, and the result is that literary mythologies are always out of date. That was true even in 1940, and it is vastly more true of the 1960s, when we are waiting to descry the outlines of what should become a third American mythology.

For there have been three distinct periods in American life, or at least in our values for living. During the first, American values were predominantly rural and the standards of conduct were those of an ideal country town like Concord, Massachusetts. During the second, which lasted from 1890 till the end of World War II, the values became urban and the new standards of conduct were those of New York and Chicago. There has been another shift in emphasis since 1945. The central cities are declining not only in population but in their power to set fashions, while factories are employing a smaller proportion of the labor force. In this new age the predominant values are suburban, and the emerging standard of conduct is that of a sophisticated suburb like Westport, Connecticut, or Mill Valley, California.

In the first age the representative American was either a frontiersman or lived on a farm. In the second age he worked in or managed or sold goods from a factory. In the third age he has become an organization man employed in an office or in one of the service industries—that is, unless he resigns from the organization and wanders over the country trying to recapture his own personality.

The American home in the first age was a log cabin or a farmhouse, in the second age it was a city apartment, and now—except for the rebels—it is a detached residence in the suburbs full of labor-saving machinery reduced to a family scale. In the first age the conflict portrayed in American fiction was often that of the single man against nature; in the second age it was that of the single man fighting against society in order to change it or rise in it. Now, in the third age, the conflict is more likely to be that of group against group or of man against himself.

In order for us to feel at home in the new landscape, in order to form a new image of the nation, and chiefly in order for us to realize ourselves as persons, we require, among other things, a new American mythology. "The experience of each age," as Emerson said, "requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet." This time the world has been waiting longer than it should, but there are signs in the fiction of the last few years that the new myths are beginning to appear.

A few characters in postwar fiction have already become legends. That most of them are rebels is a fact in which I find no ground for complaint. The standards of an emerging society are revealed by its rebels as much as by its conformists, and the rebels are easier to remember. Who after all was the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit? The phrase survives, but the man himself has disappeared from our minds like gray flannel suits from Madison Avenue.

Some of the new figures we do remember are J. D. Salinger's troubled adolescent in a world where every mature person is a phony, and Ralph Ellison's angry symbol of the American Negro as "The Invisible Man," and Norman Mailer's hipster or "White Negro," and Saul Bellow's portrait, in "The Adventures of Augie March," of a Jewish boy leaving the Chicago slums and wandering over three continents, not to make a fortune, but to find the answer to a simple question: Who am I? The question echoes through many recent novels, and it is a good question, too, one that helps to convey the puzzled spirit of this time, but it is still not enough. There has to be something more than a few rebellious characters asking representative questions before the new mythology comes into being, as it is certain to do; and I keep reading the new novels to find what shape it will assume.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 996

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 996 will be found in the next issue.

EFS XSTLZEO HD BJMMSBB QB EH WS WHCSG WO EFS LEESTEQHTB HD XSHXZS KFH DHCPSCZO BTJWWSG OHJ.

PLCO K. ZQEEZS.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 995

He had occasional flashes of silence, that made his conversation perfectly delightful.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

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Travel

(*Continued from page 23*)

placed Garfield on a wire mattress, throwing off the electrical reactions. But the system was later developed successfully and was used until the invention of the X-ray.

Bell pioneered home air-conditioning and played with jet propulsion by heating alcohol until it was warm vapor, then sent the fumes whizzing out of small tubes in the blade of a propeller. No development of blade-tip jet rotors even began until after the end of the last war. He was diddling with one-man hovering helicopters and model rocket planes as early as 1893. He had noted that the exhaust of an airplane motor might be discharged to the stern, aiding engine thrust, a principle used to this day.

Most startling of all to me were Bell's experiments with the hydrofoil, the boat that rises on ladders until, as it gains speed, it skims along on skis free of the drag of the water. *Time* magazine carried a piece in a late June issue which it pegged on the launching of the first high-speed hydrofoil ferry in the U.S. It mentioned Russia's Volga-cruising hydrofoil, and the new hydrofoil sub-chaser which Boeing had built for the U.S. Navy. But the bulk of the story was about its Austrian inventor and his Italian patron, who had between them put hydrofoils on the world's waterways.

I found no mention in the story of Alexander Graham Bell, whose museum is filled with sketches, models, and photographs of his work in this field. Nor was there an account of the September day in 1919 when Bell's giant 10,000-pound torpedo-shaped hydrofoil rose on her foils at low speed and, powered by her two aircraft engines, zoomed over Baddeck Bay at better than seventy miles an hour, cracking the world's record for speed boats.

Twenty-two years later, when America entered World War II, the hydrofoil principle was still not in operative use. Torpedo boats of the type commanded by President Kennedy, though fast, were nonetheless held back by surface drag. Still, they were an innovation. What had happened to Bell's hydrofoil during all those years? And what current inventions that we might sorely need twenty-two years from now are moldering in the archives of inaction? I must say that these were some of the thoughts that buzzed my lobes as I set out from the handsome Silver Dart Motel the next morning, on my way to view the simple beauties that awaited me along the Cabot Trail.

—Horace Sutton.

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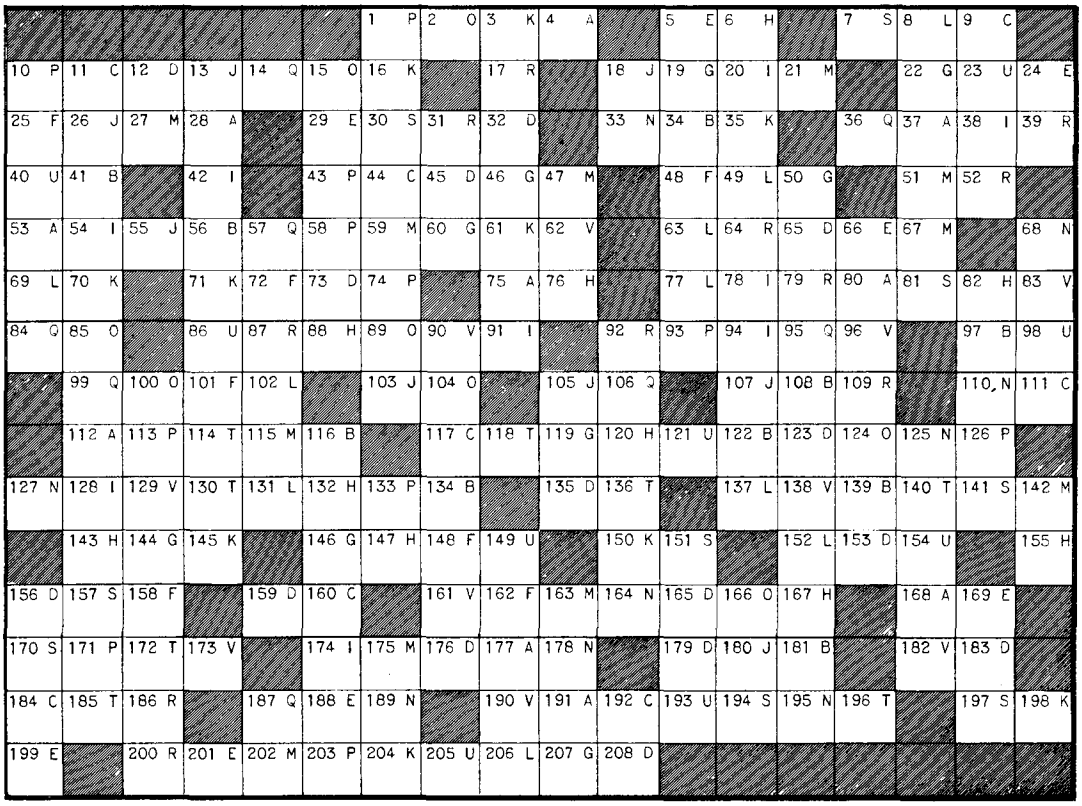
V Saccharine lady of popular song even before "Adeline" (2 wds.).	190 182 90 96 173 161 129 138 83 62

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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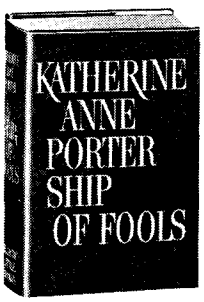

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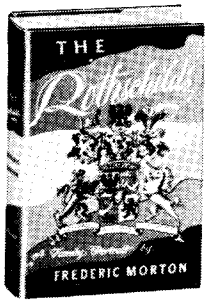

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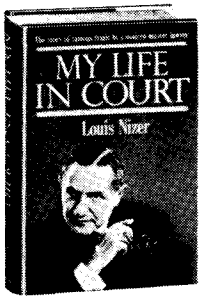

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